McAllister & Beaver

THE BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869. "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. TERMS: $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Terms, $2.00 per annum in Advance

National Republican Ticket

FOR PRESIDENT,
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES,
of Ohio.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM A. WHEELER,
of New York.

Pennsylvania Electoral Ticket.

ELECTORS AT LARGE.

Benjamin H. Brewster, of Philadelphia.
John W. Chalfant, of Allegheny.

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

1 John Welsh	15 Miles L. Tracy
2 Henry Disston	16 S W Starkweather
3 Chris J Hoffman	17 Daniel J Mooreil
4 Chas T Jones	18 Jeremiah Lyons
5 Edwin A Fitley	19 William Hay
6 Benjamin Smith	20 Wm Cameron
7 J W Bernard	21 J B Donnelly
8 Jacob Knabb	22 Daniel O'Neill
9 John B Warfel	23 William Nebb
10 Joseph Thomas	24 A B Bergner
11 Ario Pard e	25 Sam M Jackson
12 Lewis Pughe	26 Jas Westerman
13 Ed S Silliman	27 W W Wilber
14 William Calder	

Republican Convention!

The Republicans of Centre county will meet in their respective election districts on

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26, 1876,

and elect delegates to the county convention to be held at Bellefonte on Tuesday, August 29, for the purpose of nominating two candidates for the Legislature, two candidates for the office of Associate Judge, and the appointment of Senatorial Conferees.

The Convention will meet in Reynolds' Hall at 2 o'clock P. M. The delegates from each election district will be kind enough to furnish the Chairman at that time a full list of names of active Republicans in each election district, to serve on the Vigilance Committees so that the organization may be perfected at once.

JOHN G. LOVE,
Chairman County Committee.

A Model for Letter Writers.

Gov. Tilden's letter is the theme of the hour. He has spent nearly two months studying over it. Here is a letter that doesn't seem to have had even two hours' reflection;—yet with all his study Gov. Tilden has never written anything that goes so straight to the hearts of the American people. Extracts from it have been published, but the whole text is worth preserving. It is taken from a life of Gov. Hayes by Mr. J. Q. Howard, soon to be published in Cincinnati. The Hon. William Henry Smith, to whom it was addressed, is one of Gov. Hayes's earliest and most intimate friends, and was, about that time, Secretary of the State of Ohio:—

CAMP OF SHERIDAN'S ARMY,
NEAR CHARLESTON, VA.,
August 24, 1864.

FRIEND S: Your favor of the 7th came to hand on Monday. It was the first I had heard of the doings of the IId District Convention. Many thanks for your attention and assistance in the premises. I cared very little about being a candidate, but having consented to the use of my name I preferred to succeed.

Your suggestion about getting a furlough to take the stump was certainly made without reflection. An officer fit for duty who, at this crisis, would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress ought to be scalped. You may feel perfectly sure I shall do no such thing.

We are, and for two weeks past have been, in the immediate presence of a large rebel army. We have skirmishing and small affairs constantly. I am not posted in the policy deemed wise at headquarters, and can't guess as to the prospect of a general engagement. The condition and spirit of this army are good and improving. I suspect the enemy are sliding around us toward the Potomac. If they cross we shall pretty certainly have a meeting. Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

Hon. Wm. Henry Smith.

A singular death to take place the other day at Lincoln, England. A grocer named Picker, who keeps fowls, was last week feeding them, when a bantum spured him in the left thum. Mortification set in, and all efforts to save the unfortunate man's life proved unavailing.

Democratic Convention.

Modocs Ahead—Regulars Squelched.

After a somewhat spirited contest the Democracy, on Saturday last, by the exercise of their great right of franchise, succeeded in clothing a number of their leading men with the respective quality of delegates to the County Convention.

Yesterday morning, bright and early, could be seen a number of delegates finding their way into town from all directions of the county, each looking wise; and, hurrying up to every group of wiseacre politicians that could be seen fringing the pavements, hugging the Court House steps, and besieging the *Watchman* office, to ascertain who had won in the contest.

The Modoc party centered in and around the *Watchman* office, looked innocent as lambs and were as bland as the "heathen Chinee," and as apparently ignorant of the campaign as though they had been absent at Saratoga with John Morrissey, Sam. J. Tilden and other Democratic reformers, indulging in a little seven-up, poker and such like innocent amusements. One to have seen them would never for a moment have suspected them of having laid a deep scheme to flax the Regulars, and of having set it up so thoroughly as to surprise and discomfit the Regulars, and as to compel them to manifest much chagrin and even contempt because of their own inferiority and inability to cope successfully with Meekism in Centre county.

It was soon ascertained that the reform element—or Modocs—under Meek and Alexander, had the Convention subject to their control, and in the magnanimity of their nature concluded to confer a left-handed compliment upon the Regulars, and pave the way for reconciliation by giving to the Regulars the organization of the Convention.

At two o'clock the Convention assembled in the court room, and was called to order by Chairman Bower, who moved that Adam Hoy, Esq., be elected Chairman of the Convention.

Mr. Hoy was elected without opposition; and, with all the dignity and bearing he could master, assumed the honors and responsibilities of the chairmanship of a convention under the control of P. G. Meek.

He accepted the honor, however, not without a degree of diffidence, and excused himself from inflicting upon the Convention a speech—owing to the amount of business that would be before the Convention. So he simply thanked the Convention for the distinction conferred upon him and announced the chair ready to entertain the pleasure of the Convention.

Any close observer, however, would be modestly impressed that the Chairman seemed to experience the fact that his elevation to the chairmanship, under the circumstances, was rather tinctured with humiliation than with honor, and a cause of remorse than self congratulation; because one year ago a Democratic Convention of the same caste, flopped Hoy down and nominated Meek for the Senate over him, and this year Meek, as a sort of amends for laying Hoy out last year, carries off the Senatorial honors and makes Hoy chairman of the convention.

There is such a thing as adding insult to injury, sometimes, but then this is scarcely that.

After the Chairman was comfortably seated, George M'Gaffy, of Rush township, Sol. Etlinger, of Haines, and John Roop, of Harris, were elected Secretaries of the Convention. George M'Gaffy declined to serve, when the Convention elected C. M. Bower, of Bellefonte, in his stead. The roll was then called, credentials handed in, and the list of delegates corrected.

By way of a little side issue, the agricultural delegate from Howard, being in a facetious mood, thought he would disport the Convention by having it tender a conspicuous courtesy to the representatives of the press, whom he by accident saw present, and surprised the convention by having it, on his motion, to dedicate a centre table to the use of said representatives.

[We take pleasure in stating that we fully appreciate the courtesy on part of the convention, and it has our thanks.]

The nominations for Congress were then proceeded with. The names of D. G. Bush, Esq., of Bellefonte, and Hon. L. A. Mackey, of Clinton county, the present incumbent, were presented to the Convention. Bush, who has won some fame as a green-back herald in the campaign a year ago, joined hands with the anti-Mackeyites in this canvass and carried of the Congressional honor on the first ballot. The action of the convention may not be a direct repudiation of Hon. L. A. Mackey's course in Congress, but it certainly cannot be looked upon as an approval of it. But then the Democracy of Centre never did enthuse very much for Mackey.

The names of Jas. F. Weaver, Hon. W. K. Alexander and John F. Krebs were presented as candidates for the Legislature. Before the balloting commenced letters were read from Hon. S. T. Shugert (former member, who had fallen a victim to the scheming machinations of the modocs, the leader of the Grange, J. F. Weaver, and the Middleman, W. K. Alexander), J. N. Vanormer and Dr. Fisher, all declining to be candidates before the convention.

The legislative honors were imposed upon J. F. Weaver and W. K. Alexander, the result of a combination most puzzling to all political tactitions. It was a real clasping of hands across the bloody chasm of the Grange and the Middlemen. Weaver, leading the Grange, and the Hon. W. K. Alexander representing the Middlemen. It also establishes an uncertain precedent as to the two-term principle of the Democracy, which has heretofore governed it by decapitating Shugert and renominating Alexander.

There were nine candidates presented to the Convention, all of whom were eager to don the judicial robes and support the President Judge as his Associates, and fill the bench with ability and dignity. After some two or three ballots a number of the candidates were withdrawn, when the figuring among the remainder became lively and interesting. Our friend, J. G. Laurimore, who was sanguine of success, flew around with great sprightliness, but with all his smiles and blandness, and with the knowing wink of his political rulers, concluded after the nomination of Divins and Frank, that there was but little honor in the position of a figure-head anyway, and at once recalled his order for Blackstone, Purdon's Digest, &c. He accepted his defeat with the courage and serenity of a martyr, but was heard to exclaim in the language of Yony Cramer of a year ago, that there were "Yust thirty-six Democratic liars in that convention."

The following is the balloting of the convention:

CONGRESS.

D. G. Bush	52
L. A. Mackey	17

SENATE.

P. Gray Meek	by acclamation.

ASSEMBLY.

	1	2
James F. Weaver	62	—
John F. Krebs	35	29
W. K. Alexander	40	41

On the first ballot each delegate voted for two candidates.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
John Rishel	19	20	20	21	15	22	26	
J. G. Laurimore	17	17	20	20	23	17	15	—
W. H. Miller	25	26	28	25	25	8	withd	
N. J. Mitchell	11	11	12	withdrawn				
John Divins	21	21	25	27	37	nom		
George Buchanan	5	5	4	withdrawn				
Samuel Frank	29	29	32	32	32	30	33	44
Henry Dopp	8	7	withdrawn					
D. Z. Kline	5	4	withdrawn					

JURY COMMISSIONER.

John Rishel, Gregg	35
John Campbell, Union	34

CONGRESSIONAL CONFEREES.

George McGaffey	Philipsburg
John Grove	Potter
John A. Woodward	Howard

SENATORIAL CONFEREES.

J. P. Gephart	Bellefonte
Dr. W. P. Rothrock	Benner
C. G. Herlinger	Philipsburg

J. P. Gephart and D. F. Fortney were nominated for chairman of county committee, who declined. J. G. Laurimore and John Hoffer were nominated—the former received four votes, and the latter the balance of the convention. Neither of them were present at the time, however, and there was not any Democrat present who was willing to assume the position.

A New Jersey editor lost his best gold pen and holder a few days ago. After making a thorough search all over the office, and accusing a dozen of tramps of its theft, he happened to remember where he last placed it, and bending down the top of his ear, discovered to his less than fourteen penholders of various styles which he had lost during the past two years.

—An election was held in Alabama last Monday. The State went Democratic by from 20,000 to 30,000 majority.

A Stupendous Job at Drainage.

In this country, where land is abundant and cheap, it would seem strange to attempt the "making" of land by pumping the water from lakes and ponds into the ocean in order that the bottom might be used as fields for the growing of human food—but this is just what has been done for centuries in Holland—an old country, the people of which are thought by many to be somewhat staid and slow in their ways, and not at all possessed of that genius and spirit which are the characteristics of new nations—an estimate by no means correct. One of the most stupendous undertakings of this kind ever performed by man, was the drainage of the Haarlem lake in Holland, the first inception of which dates back to 1643, and which was agitated and discussed until work was finally commenced upon it in 1839. The district to be reclaimed covered an area of seventy square miles, or ten wide and fourteen in length, and the water in the lake had an average depth of about thirteen feet. This lake was formed in the sixteenth century by an inundation which united four ponds into one, destroyed several villages, and gradually encroached on the land till the lake reached the area of nearly 45,000 acres; and in order to drain it it was necessary—as no sluices could be constructed to carry off the water—to raise the water an average height of sixteen feet, and to an estimated amount of 35,000,000 tons, in a month for two years. So gigantic an undertaking, it seems, would have daunted any but these patient, determined Hollanders, who by quietly and determinedly plodding along have, in all departments of their social, industrial and national life, accomplished such wonders.

The lake having been completely encircled by a huge dike, the work of pumping out the water was commenced. This was done by means of an enormous engine of English manufacture, constructed partially as an experiment, and for which the builders were to receive a certain amount whether it succeeded or not, and a part of which they were to assume themselves. This immense engine was of 1,084 horse power, making ten strokes per minute, and it worked 11 pumps of 63 inches diameter each, and ten feet stroke, the maximum capacity being sufficient to raise 112 tons of water ten feet at each stroke. These pumps were set around in a circular tower which contained the engine, and from the upper portion of which the balance beams radiated, one for each pump. The pumps raised, in actual work, 60 tons of water at each stroke, discharging the water into a canal thirty-eight miles in length and 130 feet wide, situated outside of the dike, constructed for the double purpose of affording a means for the disposal of the water pumped out, and a channel for active navigation interrupted by the building of the dike. The work of pumping out was commenced with one machine in May, 1848, and after it had worked eleven months, the water level of the lake had been reduced only 5 1-2 inches. Two additional machines of like capacity to the one above described were set at work one year later, and the drainage of the lake was virtually completed in July, 1852. Its completion was celebrated by general rejoicings, and by the issuing of several medals to commemorate the event. One of these was struck by the government and contained this inscription, in Latin:—"Haarlem Lake, after having for centuries assailed the surrounding fields to enlarge itself by their destruction, conqured at last by the force of machinery, has returned to Holland its 44,280 acres of invaded land. The work commenced under William I. in 1839, has been finished in 1853, under the reign of William III." The commissioners under whose supervision the work was accomplished, and who had served long and faithfully without compensation, accepted as a sufficient remuneration for all their labors, these five words, inserted by authority in the Official Journal in 1852: "*Le Lac est a sec*,"—the Lake is dry. The total cost of the work was $3,742,

The size of the "polder," or territory restored by the pumping out of the lake was 44,659 acres, of which 41,648 acres are valuable land subject to taxation, the remainder being made up of roads and canals. The latter have been dug within the dike, for a distance of nearly 750 miles, and roads have been made a length of 133 1-2 miles, so that the total length of water courses and roadways within the reclaimed area is over 900 miles.

The lake polder now has a population of between eleven and twelve thousand, mainly devoted to agriculture. Col. Waring, who has given a thorough account of the method of draining this lake in his "Farmer's Vacation," says these people generally own farms of small size, and that there is much more activity, more cultivation, and very much greater evidence of good farming among them, than are to be found in new districts in our own country. "Here," he continues, "one can best study the customs of the whole kingdom, for the inhabitants have come from every province, and each has built and done his own farming according to the practices of his former home."

The general results of this vast enterprise are comprehended in a single paragraph from the above delightful work, which we copy: "In this vast plain, so lately the bottom of a deep navigable lake, straight roads are bordered with trees; substantial and often elegant farm houses are seen on every hand; over 30,000 letters are distributed annually; throughout the whole commune there are police, cemeteries, fire engines, all the appliances of Dutch civilization, as well organized as in any of the older districts; periodical cattle markets are regularly held; the dilgence makes its stated trips; a steamboat plies on the encircling canal; grain mills are at work, and all the necessaries of life are obtained within the polder. In the villages are artisans, manufacturers, and professional men of all sorts—in a word, thrift, industry and prosperity have taken complete possession."

Robert is Not for Tilden.

A short time ago the *Watchman* asserted that Robert T. Lincoln had determined to vote the Democratic ticket. We thought at the time that it was very strange if he would vote for a man who declared the administration of his father a failure. We can not say we believed it, because we have learned from a long experience that it is always best to be cautious about believing the *Watchman's* stories without better proof than their "word for it." As might have been expected, this story about the political convictions of Mr. Lincoln is utterly false, and was circulated by the paper in question without any proper evidence of its truth. Perhaps they are mad at Mr. Lincoln, and when that paper is mad (which must be all the time) they never want to learn of the truth of a charge before they make it. They made grave and serious charges against Mr. Tilden in 1875, which they take back in 1876. But they say they were mad in 1875, and therefore did not tell the truth about this man Tilden. Then, circumstances have changed. In 1875 he was only Governor of New York and one of the money shavers of Wall street; but now he is the Democratic candidate for President. If the *Watchman* when it is mad will say such unkind things of a Democrat, without proper evidence, what fearful lies it would tell about a Republican upon the slightest provocation.

This story about Mr. Lincoln's political disaffection was circulated by other unscrupulous Democratic journals, among which was the Williamsport *Sun*, which induced a gentleman of that city to write to Mr. Lincoln asking if it was true. He received the following answer:

CHICAGO, July 27, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR:—The report regarding myself, which you mention as circulating in Democratic papers, is entirely untrue. As I do not, beyond voting the Republican ticket, give up any material part of my time to political matters, my political views are of no public importance. The report has already been denied in our papers here, and I hardly think the matter is of sufficient importance to merit further attention. Personally I have contented myself with replying to direct inquiries on the subject from friends of my father or myself.

Very Truly Yours,
ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

Political Notes.

—We have entered on our second century, and the Washington monument is not yet completed.

—Robert H. Douglas and Stephen A. Douglas, sons of the great Democratic leader, Steaven A. Douglas, cordially supported the Hayes and Wheeler ticket, and the former is likely to receive the Republican nomination for Congress in his district in North Carolina.

—The Democratic platform is the authority for the assertion that reform can be brought about only "by peaceful revolution." The good people of America are likely to inform those short-haired gentlemen that they have had about enough revolution for one century at least.

—W. W. Belknap, late Secretary of War, who has been on trial before the Senate, sitting as a high court of impeachment, was acquitted last week; 35 Senators voted guilty and 25 not guilty. As it required a two-thirds vote to convict, he escapes. The most of those who voted to acquit did so on the ground that the Senate had no jurisdiction—Belknap not being an officer of the United States at the time the charges were preferred against him. As to his actual guilt, there is no two opinions.

—It is noticeable that the Democrats are indisposed to have the confederate archives examined. The object in thoroughly collating them, is to secure for the government evidence for its defense against cotton and other claims, set up by rebels. Already large amounts have been saved to the government by the evidence thus elicited. But the House imagines that possibly political capital may thus be developed, and so, to prevent further rummaging among those papers, all appropriations for that purpose are cut off. A wise body, that confederate House.

—Some of the Democratic journals don't relish the playful insinuations in regard to Governor Tilden's condition when he ran down a buggy and injured the occupants, near Albany, the other evening. The springfield *Union* wants to know if these papers have forgotten the charge of drunkenness with which they have pursued Grant ever since the war. The New York *Times* says, by the way, that if any more of this sort of abuse of the President is heard, it will become its painful duty to make some statements as to the habits of Mr. Tilden, which may be news to the country voters, but are no secrets in New York.

—In 1861, after the assault on Fort Sumpter, when Lincoln called for 75,000 troops, a call was issued by some patriotic gentlemen in New York for a mass meeting in favor of maintaining the laws and the Constitution of the United States. Among those who signed this call were John A. Dix, Archbishop Hughes, Cornelius Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart, William Evarts, James Lenox, William B. Astor, Moses Taylor, and hosts of other well known men. Samuel J. Tilden was called on by a personal and political friend and asked to sign the call. He Refused. Urged, and he still refused. His friend used all the powers of persuasion he possessed. Mr. Tilden would not sign. He would not countenance the meeting by name or presence. He was one of three or four in the great city of New York who was not willing to record themselves as "in favor of maintaining the laws and the Constitution of the United States."

—The Pittsburgh "Commercial" says great complaint comes up from all parts of the West over the crippling of the signal service by the Democratic House of Representatives. Most of these stations cut off are the very ones that govern the attaches in making an intelligent forecast of the condition of the weather, and those which aided in fixing the price of cereals. Thus, when there is a rainstorm in Chicago and the Northwest, the price of wheat goes up, and dealers at other points, noticing the reports of a rain, know at once that the price is changed long before the quotations of the day aresent to the Board of Trade. Most of the Northwest offices are all cut off, and the few that remain are hardly sufficient in number to enable the observer to make more than a guess at the state of weather for the succeeding twenty-four hours. This will also be a great obstacle to Western pork packers in the pursuit of their business. The continuance of the service in a degree of efficiency adequate to the wants of the public was exceedingly important, and it was probable this importance which determined the Confederate House upon its practical destruction.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Poetry.

Political Chimes.

Hard money at the ticket's head,
Soft money at the tail—
Extremes like these are weakly wed,
And surely bound to fail.
Is this reform?—this Bourbon sort,
Of party aims and plans the sport?
This way that Democrats are led,
And Bourbon hopes raised from the dead?
When bargain-makers strike their palms,
To still the din of party storm,
The people know such acts are shams,
Though party leaders shout "Reform!"

O, do you still remember,
Those old log cabin days;
When Harrison's hard cider
Set Ohio all ablaze?
How the buckeyes, and the coon-skins
Turned "red petticoat Allen" blue;
And Van Buren was badly beaten
By the brave Old Tippecanoe?

So, history turns the wheel again,
And Wheeler turns the tide;
And as soldiers stood by Harrison
They'll stand by Hayes' side.
Then let us strike for Truth and Right,
And all the land will blaze,
With bon-fires for the victory
Of our galiant leader Hayes.

Though some planks are old and rotten,
It should never be forgotten
That the Democratic party has been fasting very long;
And as there are few new-comers,
The old hungry crowd of bummers
Don't require to have a platform built so very deuced strong,
Since the only heavy baggage of the party is a gong.

And the sole remaining function
Of the party is, with unction,
To keep hammering this instrument and cry aloud Reform!
A good Democrat but wishes
To secure some loaves and fishes
(And quit licking empty dishes);
So he lays aside his principles to rant and rave and storm
Over Radical corruptions, and goes in to have reform.

Who's Hayes? Ask Sheridan and Crook;
Ask Early, if you will;
He saw him once at Cedar Creek,
Again at Fisher Hill.

Who's Hayes? They well know who he is,
In spite of feigned surprise;
But then, where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

Here's health to Hayes and sure success,
Prosperity and wrong's redress,
Whose name shall now our watchword be,
Here's health to Hayes and honesty!
Should any man this toast deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

When traitor hand our flag assailed,
His nerve and courage never failed;
Modest in peace and brave in war,
'Tis Hayes our glory shall restore.
Should any man this toast deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

On election day in Novembaire
Arise and dress yourself with caire;
Don a "biled shirt" and comb your haire;
Go to the polls and stay right thaire;
Scan each voter with gentle caire:
Don't let him scratch from the small papaire;
A single name that it may baire;
See that it has each electaire
That votes for Hayes and Bill Wheelaire;
Be sure the man, if a foreignaire,
Has his citizenship papaire;
And if you doubt just make him swaire
He's a right to vote at that poll thaire;
See the votes counted fair and squaire;
Go to bed early—go sobaire,
And in the morning your papaire
Will tell who's won—Hayes and Wheelaire.

Our Story Teller.

One Day in a Settler's Life.

"If you had one grain of love for me, you never would have dragged me out into this desolate wilderness," said Mrs. Roland Hardy, half sobbing, and really angry. "Had you been a gentleman, Roland, you never would have thought of doing it."

When wives get into a passion they are apt to say things they may hereafter bitterly regret. Mrs. Hardy was no exception. Her husband stood breathlessly silent, his face paling. They had not been married a year yet.

"Jane," he answered at last, in tones hard and cold, "if I had not thought you were willing to come, aye, and more than willing to risk it, I should never have brought you, and you know it. Remember, I told you it would be a rough life; yet you were eager to come."

Jane Hardy remembered very well. But the memory of her earnest protestations, her generous forgetfulness of self, only angered her the more just now.

"How was I to know it would be like this? There! you can go if you are going. I should like to be alone—with all this work to do."

"I am going directly," was Mr. Hardy's answer, striving for tranquility. "Will you be good enough to put up my luncheon? I shall not come back until night."

"Oh, dear, yes," she replied with alacrity, bringing her face away from the window with a jerk, and proceeded to make a great clatter in the cupboard, which in this pioneer cabin was a combination of pantry and china closet.

"I fear that there is but a short allowance of wood; will it last till evening?" asked Mr. Hardy, dubiously looking at the wood-box that he had just replenished, and turning to brush up the bits of bark that had fallen on the neat rug carpet. His words were kind, but his tone was as chilly as an icicle.

"There is plenty; do not trouble yourself," responded his wife, resentfully, her eyes bent on the bread she was buttering.

In five minutes, man, dinner-pail and dog had vanished in the direction of the great forest; and the young wife was alone, as she vehemently desired to be. Roland Hardy had gone forth to his day's task of felling timber.

Most young and angry wives would have burst into tears at this point. Jane Hardy did not. She leaned against the rude mantel-shelf when her husband's footsteps no longer sounded in the crisp snow, and looked utterly sad and hopeless, as if the light of her life had suddenly gone out; looked remorseful, too, as if conscious of having something to do with its annihilation.

The story is of those often enough enacted in the new world. Certain expectations suddenly failing him, Roland Hardy manfully resolved to betake himself to the mighty woods, clear out a settlement for himself, erect his house, Robinson Crusoe fashion, and in time, by dint of hard labor, become prosperous. Hardy, the settler, he would be then, with his farm lands around him, his herds, his people and his comforts. But all that would have to be patiently worked for, and the beginning must, of necessity, be weary and toilsome. Jane Dean, to whom he was engaged, decided to go with him—his wife. He told her he had better go on first, say for a year or two; her friends urged the same advice; but the young lady would not listen. So far as he was able, Mr. Hardy, before their marriage, described what their toil and their lonely life would be. Jane Dean looked at it with rose-colored spectacles, and thought it would be charming, a kind of prepetual pic-nic. It is true she did not bargain for the help they had taken with them, in the shape of a man and a woman servant, deserting them speedily, tired with the new, rough work, sick at the loneliness; and those engaged in their places, after endless trouble and long negotiation, had not yet come. But she had put her own shoulders bravely to the wheel in the summer weather, and now for the first time her temper had given away.

Everything seemed to have gone wrong in the cabin this morning, and her husband's calm cheerfulness through it all had provoked her most unwarrantably. But she was not feeling well.

Is it possible that many of us have such mornings—mornings when everything animate and inanimate conspires to bring to the surface the original gorrilla that slumbers within the soul. These vexations have to be beaten down promptly under ones feet, and Mrs. Hardy had stopped to squabble with hers.

He met her vexatious words jokingly, and it incensed her. In her angry spirit she said unforgiving things, and Mr. Hardy was provoked into retorting. So they jarred and jangled through breakfast. That is, she did.

For some little time Roland Hardy had feared that a sort of surpressed discontent had taken possession of his wife. She was quieter at times, almost sad, and less given to laughter than in their old bright days, as he got to call them. He had hoped everything of her love and devotion—hoped he might ever remain as near and dear, as much "as all the world" to her, as she had often declared him to be. And now this had come of it; this dreadful quarrel. She had spoken out her mind.

His heart was aching with her reproaches, but, generous ever, he excused her to himself, as he walked along to the woods. It was asking too much of mortal woman, he argued, anxious to make himself wretched, to tear her far away from home, and friends and all the comfortable delights of New England life, and to expect her to be always glad, and buoyant, and brave, and hopeful, keeping his own soul up with the wine-like tonic of her blithe spirits. No. It was the same old beginning of the end, a mere question of time. Eventually she would become the indifferent matter-of-fact sort of a woman that most wives appeared to be; regarding him—the lover—as a kind of mild, inevitable evil, necessary to her support, and respectable to have about the house. Sooner or later, he supposed, all husbands awoke from their dream of love to the long, dreary reality of making the best of things. Nevertheless, her fierce outburst on this particular morning took him by surprise; somewhat aroused his indignation. Had it not been her free choice to enter on this "villanous" housekeeping? Had he not warned her freely and fully that her days, if she came with him, would be anything but a bed of roses? Was not life harder for him, inexpressibly harder than it had ever been, a totally different thing altogether; but he bore on perseveringly and untiringly, looking to the end in view, and making matters light for her sake. Suppose—suppose—a flush dyed the young man's patient face as the thought occurred to him—suppose she refused to stay here and went home to her friends.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hardy stood on by the mantel-piece, horribly miserable, more miserable than she had ever dreamed of being in any love quarrels that had flickered over their courtship. There seemed to be no "making up" in this sort of thing; there was no light in it; it was unmitigated, hopeless wretchedness. For Mrs. Jane Hardy, her passion over, was chewing the husks of bitter repentance. He did not love her any more; he could not, or he never would have said harsh things to her; and this was the end of it all.

"To call me 'Jane!'" she exclaimed, aloud, as if the word "Jane" contained all forms of vituperation. "Nobody has been cruel enough to call me that in all my life!" turning to the breakfast dishes, with a bravely conquered sob. For this young lady, who had been a pet at home, had never been called by her husband, or anybody else, by a harder name than Jenny.

Work is a good thing! Auerbach says it should have been the first commandment; "Thou shalt work!" Jenny was too unfamiliar with the heart-torture to be conscious of how good her work was; but she could not but be aware, as the morning was passing away, that something was driving the cloud out of her sky. Roland could not despise her all at once, she was sure. She would gather up the remains of his love, and guard and nourish it so tenderly that, like her poor frosted Lamarque rose, it must still lift itself to the sun again, and some time, blossom into a little beauty of sweetness and so make life endurable. She would, in so many and heroic ways prove to him—but no; how could she do that?—there was nothing noble or heroic to do. Women's lives—ordinary women's lives like hers—had no heroic chances. She could only keep his house in nice order, cook his favorite dishes, watch over his shirt buttons, forget the old days of ease when she was a listless young lady, and never, never, never, lose her temper again. It was all dreadfully commonplace, and of no account, but she had embraced this lot of her own free will, and out of her deep love for him, and it was the only way by which she could hope to climb to the height of his regard again. As for his old romantic love for her, his chivalrous devotion, they could never come back; she was not worth it. And so, accepting the dust of humiliation, and like a genuine woman, having no mercy on herself, she went through the household duties, thinking all the time how dear to her were husband and home, and how she would strive to make herself endurable, please God, to them.

By noon to-day the work was done, and the house in the trimmest order. White loaves just from the oven, were diffusing their fresh, yeasty fragrance; the week's ironing hung warm and spotless across the clothes-horse. On the table smoked an exceedingly lonesome cup of tea; and over it leaned the pensive young housekeeper, pretending to do justice to her solitary luncheon.

Her thoughts were away in the snowy woodland with him, her husband; who was doubtless about this time eating prairie chicken and clammy bread and butter. "He might build a fire and give it a little roast on a stick," she pensively murmured: and then she felt how very glad she should be when the night should come, and she could, in many furtive ways, confess to him how sorry she was, how deeply in need of his dear love.

It was nearly three o'clock when, mechanically looking through the window in the direction of the forest, she was surprised to see the dog, David, making for the house in a wavering, uncertain way, as if he had half a mind to turn back to the woods. David had more than once wearied of the monotony of watching wood-chopping, and come to the house an hour or two in advance of his master; so there was nothing startling in his coming now. He scratched at the door in his usual obsequious fashion; darted to devour, when admitted, a morsel of bread and meat; but quitting it instantaneously, went and sat down before his mistress with the air of having something to say and began to whine.

David was not a remarkable dog; not at all any dog in particular. He was yellow and undersized, with only a white spot on his forehead by way of ornament; and he was inclined to be lazy. He had come to them one stormy night, a lame, starving vagrant from some emigrant train, and kind-hearted Roland fed him, put liniment on his leg, and called him David, after a faithful dog he had recently possessed and lost. And David contentedly remained, exhibiting no marked talent for anything, and sometimes betraying a lack of decent intelligence. His mental faculties had been dwarfed by persistent ill-treatment, Mr. Hardy thought; the dog seemed to be cowed. One peculiarity of his was, that he never asked for food. He was the most unobtrusive, retiring sort of an animal that ever yearned for cold meat. If meat came to him, well and good; but he never uttered a whine, nor gave one beggarly wag. He would not have done it if he were starving. Jenny was wont to say he was poor but proud. So to-day, when he planted himself before his mistress, and looked at her with all the soul he had in his eyes, and whined like a professional beggar, he was regarded with a good deal of astonishment.

"More dinner, David? Is it possible you have brought yourself to ask for more dinner?" going to the cupboard and carving a bone for him.

David looked hurt. Nevertheless he took the bone gently, carried it to his rug in the corner, and left it. That caused Mrs. Hardy to look at the rug, which she had not done before, and then she saw that he had not eaten his dinner. The dog then returned to his old position, whining before her as he sat.

"Oh, it is water, then?"

No, it was not water. He retreated from the basin with an air of increased injured feeling, and continued to regard his mistress with appealing eyes. All at once some instinct penetrated to Jenny's mind, and her heart gave a leap of fear.

"David! David! Is it your master? Is it Roland?"

The dog made a bounce of joyous relief, as if glad of being understood at last, and trotted to the door, casting a look back at her over his shoulder. If ever a look said plainly, "come on," that look did.

"I will come, old fellow," said Jenny, going to the wardrobe and hurriedly getting on some wraps and her fur-lined shoes. "Something is the matter with the dog, and it may be that. At any rate, there will be no harm in my running out into the woods," she added, with a nervous little laugh. "Roland need not know how silly I am; I can say that I wanted to find some lichens."

The sun was disappearing behind a cold, hazy horizon; a chilly wind whirled the snow-clouds across the level plain, ferreted out the fallen leaves that strove to hide from it and sent them scuding on again. The still radiance of the winter day was giving place to an early and boisterous night; to such a night that it will not be forgotten in that country by man or woman.

In her staunch overshoes, short cloth skirt and shaggy walking-jacket, Mrs. Hardy prepared to start. But she first of all unlocked a small store-chest, and excavated from its depths a sealed bottle, with "Catawba grape" written in homely chirography on its label.

"My dear old father," she exclaimed; by no means addressing herself to the bottle; but with dim eyes thinking of the kind hands that were young hands when they made this wine; which, from its age and strength was as a cordial equal to brandy. The hands were old hands now; capable of little but writing his shaky letters from the dear old homestead. "Who knows but Roland may be past its aid, that some dreadful accident—but I won't think of it. And who knows but I may meet him trudging homeward: and he will ask me what on earth I brought out the wine for? But he shan't see it; I will not show it; and to-morrow I shall laugh at myself for these foolish fears.

Talking thus incoherently, but doubtless thinking connectedly enough, she poured out a flaskful of the wine, secured it in her pocket, threw her husband's scarf over her arm, and told David she was ready. At which word the dog gave another appreciative bounce, and fairly flew past her as she opened the door.

But once in the path leading to the forest David seemed to have his brief flicker of intelligence taken out of him. Instead of trotting on and leading his mistress in the right way, following the recorded example of all sensible dogs, he held back shrinkingly, evidently declining to take any active part in the search or to lead. It was just as though he meant to say, "I have done my part—now you go on and do yours."

"You are an awful idiot, David: or else I am," snapped Jenny. But David only meekly curled his tail and trotted behind her.

The forest, or the "wood-lot," as Roland called it, catching the word from other settlers, was a good mile away. Mr. Hardy's acres covered an amount of ground that would have turned New England neighbors dizzy with its vastness. It would soon yield him an abundant return; at present, during these preliminary struggles, it was not much more than a living. But in the event of a certain phantom railroad becoming a real railroad, he would make a speedy fortune.

The path was rough. Roland's boots alone had formed it, tramping backward and forward to his tree-felling. Generally he paced it four times a day, going home for the mid-day dinner. The drifting snow had treacherous holes that well-nigh went to break Jenny's ankles, as she stumbled on. The wind, growing every moment more violent, pushed her on with a giant hand: "It will be rather sharp coming home," she said, shivering, and pulling her scarf closer.

In October she had come to the woods for Autumn leaves, and the spot was in a degree familiar to her. But the path seemed to disperse and lose itself after entering the thicker parts; and she had to direct her way by the piles of wood that had been cut in places where the trees could be most conveniently felled. If they had not said those dreadful words to each other! If they were only as they had been yesterday when Roland loved her; she might not have felt so desperately anxious. How was she to find him? She called again and again, but the wind overpowered her voice.

There was no sound of the axe. As she paused, listening intently, she could hear nothing but the dreary whistle of the wind through the trees and the sharp sifting sound of the snow as it smote their trunks.

"David, where is Roland?—where is your master? Go and find him this minute," impatiently menacing the cowering dog in her terror. "Find your master, there's a good dog," she added, in a coaxing tone of entreaty, patting the poor animal, who stood before her with drooping head. "Good David! good old dog."

David went on then. In the lowest natures is sometimes enshrined the pearl of delicate feeling. This dog had bad news to tell, and shrank from telling it. He made no pretence to a light-hearted pace. He crept, halted, and seemed anxious to defer something.

Leading the way over a freshly-felled log, then another, and turning a thicket of young oaks, that caught at Jenny's skirts as if they would fain hold her back from a painful sight, she came to a halt. There was no reason why she should go further.

A tree had evidently fallen in an unlooked-for direction; or, perhaps, Roland Hardy had been a little reckless. It had swept him to the ground, and was lying across his legs; as immovable to him as a mountain. On the rough bark, where he had been able to reach it with his knife, was cut, "Dear Jen—" showing that he had not intended to call her "Jane" on this occasion. But the fond work, which perhaps was intended as a last memento, had ceased. His arms were lying at his side now, and a fleck of blood stained his blue lips. Jennie thought it was the life crushed out of him, but it only came of his long and vain struggles to free himself.

She did not scream. It was not her way. She rushed forward to fling herself against the fallen tree; pushing it, besting it, bruising her shoulders against it, like some mad woman. This was her first impulse; and it availed nothing. Then she sank down at her husband's side, wiped the red drops from his mouth, and covered his face with kisses that might have kissed the dead into life. The kisses made Roland faintly stir, and he moved his hand instinctively toward the knife, which had fallen in the snow. He was wanting to finish his message.

"Roland! Roland!" she cried, in an anguished voice, seizing his benumbed hands in hers, and pressing them to her face and to her warm and throbbing throat. "Oh, if he could only speak to me once more!" she piteously moaned. "Only once more!"

"Is it Jenny?" came struggling faintly from his lips.

"Yes, it is Jenny. I am here! I am here to die with you, my own blessed heart! Oh, what can I do?" raising his head tenderly to her breast "Oh, my husband, look at me—speak to me! Are you terribly hurt?"

But, though he opened his eyes and looked at her, he could not answer.

Then she remembered the wine, and filling the tiny cup at the bottom of the flask, she held it to his mouth. Roland drank the wine with difficulty; partly because he was only half conscious, and partly because Jenny, in her wild solicitude, seemed bent upon pitching the whole down his throat without waiting for the little formality of swallowing. She continued to rain the tenderest expressions upon him. Over his features began stealing something that, under the depressing circumstances, looked singularly like a pleased surprise. The eyes opened wider, with a look of recognition, and a heaven of love shone up into Jenny's terror-stricken face. He laboriously flung his arm about her neck, and murmured her name again, as if it would express the tenderness of his whole soul.

"Are you crushed to death, dear Roland?" illogically cried Jenny.

"Not quite. But I am so tired! I have been buried under this horrible log these four hours."

"Thank God you are not killed!" she aspirated. "Tell me what I can do."

"Poor child, you can do nothing. If a man were here with a handspike—"

His voice ceased; ceased in very hopelessness. The nearest man was probably two miles off. And before he could be found and brought, even if Jenny could find him, life might have gone out.

"I will do it," said Jenny. "Tell me where I can find a handspike?"

"You could not do it, child."

"But I will," she answered, cheerily. "I studied natural philosophy at school, and I have plenty of muscle. Did not somebody say he could move the world if—if he only had things to do it with; a lever, and that; I can cut down something for a lever, Roland."

She was speaking in sheer desperation. But a desperate woman can put out an increditable amount of strength; and and the stake at issue was her husband's life. Roland saw how full of energy she looked, what an amount of determination her whole attitude betrayed. It imparted some degree of hope even to him, and he pointed to a pile of oak rails.

"If you could drag one of those here—"

She was flying for the rail before the words left his lips; and brought it to the spot, and then began to lift the fallen tree. But the grim burden refused to move.

"Oh, Jenny—"

"I see, Roland," she interrupted. "Do not be afraid. Of course I am stupid at first. Wait; I am undertaking to do too much at once, you perceive."

Jenny partly withdrew the lever, making the resistance less, and lifted again with some effect. Roland's leg were too much like dead legs to be aware of the lightened pressure upon them; but he saw the log move a little.

Stars swam before Jenny's eyes, and the veins in her forehead looked like knotcords, as, averting her face from him, she strained at the lever once more with all her whole might. "Now!" she cried. He essayed to move his half-frozen limbs, but only succeeded in groaning. "They are dead as stone," he gasped, and looked as though he were going off into another faint.

Just for a moment she paused in despair. But courage and increased energy came back to her.

"Drink this, Roland," she said, putting out some more of the sustaining cordial. "I must prop up the log; and I think, dear, you can help me."

Selecting a large rail, she dragged it up, and commanded him to push it under the log while she lifted with the lever. Reviving under the influence of her cheerful courage, he saw this as his golden and perhaps only opportunity. There was no man's aid within reach of this lonely spot, and night was coming down, bringing a tempest with it. The rail was placed, and, pushing it with all his remaining strength, he held each atom that the log yielded, while Jenny took breath to gain one more. Slowly and reluctantly the fallen tree was forced to acknowledge itself beaten, and at last rested on the prop. The man was then free!

David got off his haunches and wagged his tail.

Roland pressed his lips to the snow-wet hem of Jenny's skirt. The mute, eloquent act made her heart overflow, but she caught her skirt away hurriedly.

"I cannot allow you one minute's delay, Roland. It will be a horrible night. Do you think you can stand?"

With her help he got upon his feet, but not until he had made more than one attempt. The legs were not broken then; and this took a dreadful fear from Jenny's heart. But the returning circulation gave him intense pain. Leaning on his wife's proffered arm, he at length began to move homeward. The stormy twilight was already filling the forest. Managing to limp and stumble along, the outskirts of the woods were reached before absolute darkness had set in.

But, until now, they had not realized the terrible might of the storm. It grew worse with every minute. David alone was able to distinguish the path that led homeward. Around them appeared nothing but the whirling snow. The forest was shut out, as by the sudden fall of a gigantic curtain; before them could be discovered nothing but the wavering form of David, as he wrestled with the difficulties of the path.

"We must walk for dear life!" gasped Roland.

He felt now all the hazards and terror of their position. It was almost impossible to breathe in the face of this fierce gale. If they lost the path, or the strength of either gave out, the result would be death.

They stumbled on, their arms entwined, making no attempt to speak after this. Once Jenny caught at David, patted his shoulder, and murmured that he was a good fellow, a brave dog; but she and her husband had enough to do for themselves.

It seemed to both that they must be nearly home. Probably more than half the distance had been got over, when a calamity occurred. David disappeared.

He was missing! Had their trusty pilot deserted them? Yes, for not a trace of him could be heard or seen.

Roland shouted his name; but the wind dashed his voice back again, so that he scarcely heard it himself, and he had no hope of recalling the fugitive.

They were off the path now—the softer snow told them this; and they were both very cold and alarmingly exhausted. Roland thought that this was the end; that all hope was over. He clasped his wife closely in his arms and bowed his head on her shoulder. If he had not been half dead at the outset, with suffering and exhaustion, he would have borne up more bravely. As it was, he felt that his senses were taking leave of him; he knew if he failed, he was lying down not only his own life, but a dearer life than his.

"Go on—leave me. Try to reach"—he began saying in her ear. But Jenny would not listen to him. His dispairing words filled her with frenzied strength.

"People talk that way when they are freezing," she thought. "He shall not die. Pray, heaven, help me. Bear up, Roland, just a little while longer. We must be pretty near the house. I still know enough to keep my face to the wind."

"I cannot go on further, Jenny. I must lie down and sleep."

"Never!" answered poor Jenny. "We must not give up. It is only frozen people who want to sleep. Oh, Father of all mercy, help us. If we may only reach our sweet, sweet home once more! If I may only have strength to save my dear heart! to let him know how I love him above everything in the world."

Thoughts like these were flitting through ther brain as she staggered on,

Continued on Seventh Page.

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Sagacity of Circus Elephants.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, describing the experience of Howe's circus and menagerie, after the late storm in Iowa, speaks as follows of the sagacity of the trained elephants:

"Assistant Superintendent Royce sent a large force to repair damages and relieve the circus train, and the task was great—every bridge gone and miles of track under water and badly washed out. Friday night the road was put in temporary repair, and the train started in three sections. When about ten miles out a trestle sank, and five cars of the third section capsized in the soft mud. The first car contained horses, the second an elk and camel, the other three the five performing elephants. The roofs were cut away and the first two cars easily emptied, but the elephants were all in a heap and giving emphatic expression of their discomfiture. To get them out was not so easy, yet with the intelligence and sagacity which characterizes the semi-human brute it was accomplished, and they received not a scratch. They obeyed every instruction, kneeling down, putting out one leg, then another, turning and twisting with all the intelligence of a child, eclipsing in marvellousness anything performed in the ring. When relieved from their perilous situation they gave expression of joy which were emphatic and unmistakable. They fairly laughed all over.

The remainder of the trip was made over land, and this the animals enjoyed hugely, as the night was cool and the moon bright. The missing bridges on the route gave the elephants repeated opportunity for indulging in sport. They arrived here before the train; cars had to be provided for them, but ordinary cars were too low. Finally two were found which were about an inch higher than the largest elephant's back. The elephant was brought alongside, and 'Jack,' the largest, was called first to mount the platform. He noticed the strange car, and gave a careful scrutiny, seized the door-post with his trunk and gave the car a powerful shake, mounted the platform and cautiously walked in, headed to the front, rocked the car sidewise, and then humped his back. His back struck the roof-ribs, when he crouched and marched out of the car in a jiffy. The keeper remarked, 'He won't go back there again.' It was decided to remove to roof-ribs, which was done, the five elephants closely watching the operation. When this was done, 'Jack' was again invited to take a ride. He promptly assented, entered the car, rocked it and sawed it, and then bumped his back. Finding it was all right, he trumped his assent, marched around a few times, and went to eating hay. Each elephant tested the car himself."

A Marvel of Littleness.

An incident happened in Machinery Hall one day last week which is well worthy of recording, as it exhibits the unparalleled advancement of American genius in small as well as in great things. While a large throng of visitors from all countries were standing silently around the mighty Corliss engine wathing its gigantic movements with feelings partly of delight and partly of awe, a tall, gentlemanly-looking personage, who afterwards gave his name and address as Levi Taylor, of Indianola, Iowa, Joined the crowd, and with the others paid unspoken yet eloquent homage to the wondrous monster before him. After watching the motion for a few moments the gentleman passed around to one side, and extracting from his pocket a small tin case, took from it what looked like a diminutive alcohol lamp, and, striking a match, started a miniature flame and placed the contrivance on a corner of the platform which surrounds the mighty steam giant from Rhode Island. At first glance nothing could be discerned over this lamp but a small excrescence which looked more like a very juvenile humming-bird than anything else, but a close inspection showed that what was mistaken for liliputian wings was the fly-wheel of a perfect steam engine, and persons with extra good eyes could, after a close examination, discover some of the other parts of the curious piece of mechanism. This engine has for its foundation a 25 cent gold piece, and many of its parts are so tiny that they cannot be seen without a magnifying glass. It has the regular steam gauge, and, though complete in every particular, the entire apparatus weighs only 7 grains, while the engine proper weighs but 3 grains. It is made of gold, steel, and platinum. The fly-wheel is only $\frac{2}{3}$ of an inch in diameter; the stroke is 1-24 of an inch, and the cut-off 1-64 of an inch. The machinery, which can all be taken apart, was packed in films of silk. It is to be hoped that this wonderful piece of work may be placed on exhibition alongside of its grand antithesis, but it is now probably too late to make an entry.

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SUITINGS, ETC, ETC.
The best selected stock of FINE
Ready Made Clothing
always on hand, at prices much below the common garments sold elsewhere.
The largest stock of
HATS, CVPS, & SHIRTS
in the county. Hats Wholesale and Retail at Wholesale Prices.
Farmers accommodated in
Trade for Grain
of All Kinds, at the Highest Market Price.
MONTGOMERY & CO.
Merchant Tailors & Clothiers,
v8-4-1y NO. 7 BROCKERHOFF ROW.

MERCHANT TAILORING.
NO. FOUR BROCKERHOFF ROW.
ALLEGHENY STREET,
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Just received by
WM. McCLELLAN,
a most complete stock of
CLOTHS,
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AND VESTINGS;
which he is prepared to make to order in the latest and most fashionable style for men or boys.
Particular attention given to cutting and fitting.
He also keeps on hand a full line of
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of every style and variety, consisting of hats and caps, straw goods, muslin or linen shirts, undercloth for summer or winter wear, suspenders, hose, neck-ties, collars, both paper and linen, handkerchiefs.
The best manufacture of Kid Gloves, a full assortment of sizes, colors, etc., on hand.
WM. McCLELLAN,
No. 4 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa.
5-13—tf

COLLECTOR'S SALE
BLANKS.
75 cts per hundred 12 cts per dozen.
Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price.

New York Store.

NEW YORK STORE,
ways be ahead. C
ed the largest and m
DRY GOODS,
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rices. All those wh
stock of Dry Goods
CO. (New York Store,)
Opposite the Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa.

Merchant Tailor.

WM. S. TRIPPLE
MERCHANT TAILOR,
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FURNISHING GOODS.
of the latest styles,
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MADE TO ORDER AT
LOW CASH PRICES
v5-12-1y

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NO. 5 BROCKERHOFF ROW
J. & J. HARRIS,
SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICE
All sorts of
Forks,
Chains,
Shovels,
Axes,
Grindstones
Coal Oil Lamps,
Paints,
Oils,
Varnishes,
&c.
We hope by
STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS
merit and receive a share of public patronage.
BUILDERS AND OTHERS
will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock.
J. & J. HARRIS,
v5 No. 5 Brockerhoff Row.

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RAIL ROAD HOUSE
Corner Front and Pine Street,
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ROBERT LOYD, Prop'r.
The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. v4n25-1y

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CUMMINGS & MAUGLE,
FOURTH ST.
A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET,
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The accomodations at the "Merchants" are first class and prices moderate. 6-9-1y

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REMOVAL.
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and Fancy Articles.

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EDWARD T. TUTEN,

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

The Long Expected Letter at Last.

The Democratic candidates have at last written their letters of acceptance. It will perhaps be the wonder of the people what there is or has been to cause the delay in their appearance. The most probable cause of the delay is, no doubt, (1) a want of harmony between the two men; (2) the matter of expediency. But we have them at last, and now we shall hear all kinds of opinions expressed as to what their effect will be upon the public mind. We are unable to give the letters to our readers this week, on account of their great length. In speaking of the letters the Philadelphia *Times* says:

"Indeed, there is nothing in Mr. Tilden's letter that he could not have said quite as well, perhaps much better, and certainly with greater effect upon the public mind, within forty-eight hours after his nomination, and the inexcusable delay in furnishing his reply will be the fruitful parent of distrust as to the straightforwardness of his declarations. He voluntarily created the suspicion that he tarried to set his sails to suit the probable current of the political voyage, and he has thus lost some measure of prestige that was rightfully his own, by reason of his record and known purposes, had he been prompt in proclaiming his views."

Upon the same subject the New York *Tribune* says it looks very much as though there had been a conflict of cross purposes between Gov. Tilden and Governor Hendricks in the first place, and between the hard and soft-money supporters of each in Congress in the second. It has been suspected that Governor Tilden was withholding his letter until the adjournment of Congress, or at least until the danger of the repeal of the resumption clause was removed. It is known that Gov. Hendricks has been exceedingly anxious that the House should pass the Repeal bill, and has written letters urging it. The only way to avoid this contingency was through the dead lock in the Committee on Banking and Currency by which action could be staved off. It was believed that the unjust and dishonorable action of the House in giving Mr. Goode, of Virginia, a seat to which he was not entitled, was part of an arrangement of the hard-money Democrats to secure this end. If that was its purpose it failed. The committee voted Friday to report the Repeal bill. Mr. Hendricks scored one. Gov. Tilden had no occasion to wait longer, but every inducement to put before the country at once his own views of the subject of finance and the currency. Hence the suddenness with which the much-talked-of and long-expected letters are brought out. This may not be the correct explanation of the circumstances of the present publication, but it seems quite reasonable. Indeed we see no other way in which to account for the somewhat tumultuous manner in which a Democratic Congress that has been dilly-dallying over the currency question for eight months without reaching any conclusion, and the Democratic candidates, who have been consulting over their letters of acceptance for six weeks without publishing them, have all at once unloaded a currency bill and both letters upon an unsuspecting public. There's a simultaneousness about it that amounts to something more than a coincidence. The fact at any rate is that everything broke loose at once; the explanation of it may come later.

Editorial Notes.

MAYBE Shammy can't write.

GREEN CLAY SMITH, the Prohibition candidate for President, is on a visit to Connecticut.

A Miss Tanner, who recently married a widower named Hyde with eleven children, says she has given up tanning, and she is now dressing Hydes.

A vote for Hayes is a vote for Grant, say the Democratic papers. And we say, that a vote for Tilden is a vote in favor of Jeff Davis, the Devil, the Hamburg massacre, and all the diabolical deeds committed in the name of Democracy.

"INSTEAD of being a reformer Tilden is himself in as urgent need of reform as the party which has put him in nomination."

"The Government for the chief office in which he is the nominee would not now exist if his example during the rebellion had been followed by his countrymen."—[John A. Dix.

SEVEN persons guilty of murder, and eighty-seven accessories before the fact is the verdict of the Hamburg jury, and they are all Democrats; but the same dispatch says that bail to any amount is ready, which shows that there are plenty more of that party there willing to do all they can to shield the murderers. O, pure Democracy!

WHEN Tilden was first nominated we heard a great deal about an aggressive campaign on the part of the Democracy, but we must say that we "cannot see it," unless it is with Tilden and Hendricks drinking Saratoga water; or it may be that General Butler, of Hamburg, South Carolina, who has lately been indicted for murder, is doing the aggressive part.

EVERY town should have its glee club for the campaign. Good singers are to be found everywhere. Good songs are being published. Organize these local glee clubs, and make the air vocal with songs of patriotism. Music arouses patriotism, and patriotism makes Republican voters. We would thank our friends to send any first-class campaign songs that come to their notice to the office of THE REPUBLIC.

THE Tyrone *Herald* Says: "We have received a copy of Pomeroy's *Democrat*, which is as red-hot as ever. "Brick" is first-class, unadulterated Democratic authority, but the way he pours hot shots into Sham Tilden, is fearful to behold. If the half he tells about Shammy is true, and we believe it is, he ought to be in the Penitentiary instead of being a candidate for the Presidency."

A Hayes Demonstration.

Nine car loads of excursionists from Indiana, including one hundred red and thirty uniformed members of the Hayes Escort Guards, of Indianapolis, arrived in Columbus, Ohio, on the evening of the 2nd inst., and were received at the depot by a band. Subsequently the Guards engaged in a torchlight procession on the street, assembling in front of the Capital at 9 o'clock. Gen. Beatty, of Columbus, introduced Enos B. Reed, of Indianapolis, and Mr. Reed presented the club to Governor Hayes, whose appearance on the stand was greeted with applause. Governor Hayes spoke as follows:

"Fellow Citizens, my Friedds of Indiana:—You all understand perfectly well, without any words of explanation from me, why it is that I make you no speech on political questions to-night. I rise, therefore, in response to your greeting, merely to make my profound acknowledgment to my friends from Indiana for their kindness in making this visit, in paying me, in paying us, the citizens of this city of Columbus, this kindly greeting. We are glad to meet you. We thank you for your call, and trust your visit will be one to be pleasantly remembered. One sentence further. I trust that either this evening or to-morrow morning before you leave for your homes you, young gentlemen of Indiana, and the ladies of Indiana, if they are here, will give me the pleasure at the Governor's office of taking you by the hands."

Several speeches were made by Indiana and Ohio speakers, and the Governor received many callers at the Executive rooms. Many citizens of Columbus turned out and helped to make the demonstration a lively one.

Centennial Visitors.

We have made arrangements with the publishers of this paper to procure hotel accommodations for all of their readers who may visit Philadelphia. We advise all who are coming to engage rooms, &c., in advance, for in August, September and October, the rush will be so great that accommodations will be difficult to obtain. We make no charge for our trouble. Hotel rates are from $2 to $3 per day, and the accommodations good. We make no arrangements with lodging or boarding house agencies, as they so far have charged hotel rates with one of the hotel advantages, and giving but two meals per day, instead of three. Parties getting up excursions can make arrangements through us, and also obtain their own accommodations free. Save time, money and trouble by making arrangements in advance. We refer to the publishers of this paper. A list of hotel rates charged will be sent to any address. Address, J. WEAVER & CO.,
1313 Market Street,
30 3m. Philadelphia, Pa.

The Hamburg Slaughter.

Message of the President to the Senate Transmitting His Knowledge to the Affair—Letter to Gov. Chamberlain.

The following message was received by the Senate from the President, on the first of August:

To the Senate of the United States:

In response to a resolution of the Senate of July 20th, calling upon the President to communicate to the Senate, if in his opinion not incompatible with the public interest, any information in regard to the slaughter of American citizens at Hamburg, S. C., I have the honor to submit the following enclosure:

[Here follow a number of papers relative to the Hamburg massacre.]

The President says: "These enclosures embrace all the information in my possession touching the late disgraceful and brutal slaughter of unoffending men at the town of Hamburg, S. C. My letter to Gov. Chamberlain contains all the comments I wish to make. As allusion is made to to the condition of other States, and particularly to Louisiana and Mississippi, I have added to the enclosures letters and testimony in regard to the lawless condition of a portion of the people of the latter State. In regard to Louisiana affairs, murders and massacres of innocent men for opinion's sake or on account of color, have been of too frequent occurrence to require recapitulation or testimony here. All are familiar with their terrible details, the only wonder being that so many justified them or apologize for them. But recently a committee of the Senate visited the State of Mississippi to take testimony on the subject of frauds and violence in elections. Their report has not yet been made public, but I await its forthcoming with a feeling of confidence that it will fully sustain all that I have stated in relation to fraud and violence in the State of Mississippi.

U. S. GRANT.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 31, 1876.

The President's Letter to Governor Chamberlain.

The following is the President's letter to Governor Chamberlain, referred to above:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, July 26.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of the 22nd of July, and all the enclosures enumerated therein giving an account of the barbarous massacre of innocent men at the town of Hamburg, S. C. The views you express as to the duty you owe to your oath of office and to citizens to secure to all their civil rights, including the right to vote according to the dictates of their own consciences, and the future duty of the executive of the nation to give all needful aid when properly called on to do so to enable you to insure this inalienable right, I fully concur in. The scene at Hamburg, as cruel, blood-thirsty, wanton, unprovoked and as uncalled for as it was, is only a repetition of the course that has been pursued in the Southern States within the last few years, notably in Mississippi and Louisiana. Mississippi is governed to-day by officials chosen through fraud and violence, such as would scarcely be accredited to savages, much less to a civilized and Christian people. How long these things are to continue, or what is to be the final remedy, the Great Ruler of the universe only knows. But I have an abiding faith that a remedy will come, and come speedily, and I earnestly hope that it will come peacefully. There has never been a desire on the part of the North to humiliate the South. Nothing is claimed for one State that is not freely accorded to all others, unless it may be the right to kill negroes and Republicans without fear of punishment and without loss of caste or reputation. This has seemed to be a privilege claimed by a few States. I repeat again that I fully agree with you as to the measure of your duties in the present emergency, and as to my duties. Go on and let every Governor, where the same dangers threaten the peace of his State, go on in the conscientious discharge of his duties to the humblest as well as the proudest citizen, and I will give every aid for which I can find law or constitutional power. The Government that cannot give protection to life, property and all guaranteed civil rights in this country—the greatest is an untrammelled ballot—to the citizen, is in so far a failure, and every energy of the oppressed should be exerted (always within the law and by constitutional means) to regain lost privileges and protection. The too long denial of guaranteed rights is sure to lead to revolution; bloody revolution, where suffering must fall upon innocent as well as guilty. Expressing a hope that the better judgment and co-operation of the citizens of the State over which you preside so ably may enable you to secure a fair trial and punishment for all offenders without distinction of race or color or previous condition, and without aid from the Federal Government, but with the promise of such aid on the conditions named in the foregoing, I subscribe myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

To Hon. D. H. Chamberlain, Governor of South Carolina.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharge falling into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acrid, thick and tenacious mucous, purulent, moco-purulent, bloody, putrid, offensive, etc. In others, a dryness, dry, watery, weak, or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear the throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, tickling cough, etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

When applied with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, and accompanied with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, as constitutional treatment, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy produces perfect cures for the worst cases of catarrh and ozena of many years' standing. This thorough course of medication constitutes the only scientific, rational, safe and successful manner of treating this odious disease that has ever been offered to the afflicted.

Our Washington Letter.

Smirching Public Character—A Predicted New Dodge—The River and Harbor Bill—The actual Items of Tilden's Record, copied from the Records of the Attorney General's in New York—Confederate Mutual Admiration Society—"Blue-Jeans" Williams.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Aug. 7, '76.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

More rain has fallen in this latitude within the past four days, than in four months before, and yet it was so dry that the thirst of Mother Earth has hardly yet been quenched.

In the round of investigations inaugurated by the House of Representatives, the Democracy have found that in the efforts to smirch the characters of leading Republicans, the words of the Good Book apply to them with much force: "He that diggeth a pit for his neighbor shall assuredly fall." It has been a ruthless, unholy warfare against private and public reputation. No elevation in position, no life, however pure, is free from these malicious assaults, for

"Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An earnest entrance to ignoble minds."

The conspiracy, having its habitation in a department of the government, to blacken the fame of the President is revolting to the mind and heart of every honorable man. And now the dastardly attempt to fix upon the Secretary of the Navy charges of official corruption has been exposed even by those who would malign him. The discussion in the House on Saturday was a complete vindication.

It is said that the shrewder portion of the friends of Tilden now advise him to decline writing any letter of acceptance to the committee representing the St. Louis Convention. To write a letter accepting the platform in toto would be death to his prospects in the West, and would be particularly offensive to Mr. Hendricks and the soft-money wing of the Democratic party. He is advised to ignore the whole matter, and refrain from committing himself at this time.

This course cannot fail to dissatisfy both the hard and soft-money men, and to bring down upon the head of the Democratic standard-bearer the anathemas of the rank and file of his party.

After days of discussion in the Senate on the River and Harbor appropriation bill, it has been referred back to the committee, with instructions to limit the amount of appropriations to $5,000,000. This action on the part of the Senate is the best proof which can be afforded, that the Republican Senate is not desirous to squander the public money, but to limit the appropriations to the very smallest amount consistent with the proper administration of the Government.

So much has been said and written as to the great "reform" antecedents of the Ben. Wood-and-Morrissey candidate for the Presidency; we copy from the records of the Attorney General's Office, of New York, the actual items of Tilden's record, and the "economical" manner in which it was earned (with the people's money):

No. of suits brought	3*
" brought to trial	2
" of convicts obtained	1
" of suits dismissed	1
" of suits now pending	1
Amt. of money recovered	None.
Expense of assisting counsel	$100,000.
Paym't of two certificates stopped by commission	8,000
No. of fraudulent contracts stopped	None.

*One of these three suits was commenced by Gen. Barlow, and finally abandoned by him as hopeless.

The Democratic papers prate strongly of the "imbecility of Repunlican statesmanship." Can a more signal failure than the above be mentioned in the history of the country?

After all that has been said by the members of the Confederate Mutual Admiration Society, of the House of Representatives, on "political assessments," is it not reckless to attempt a general assessment on the Democracy of all the Western States for money to use in Indiana. Letters before us prove the fact, and it is distinctly uttered, no "assessment," no "offsis." "Deacon Pogram" is left no alternative at the Confederate X roads, and the faithful must "come down," or Grant's "still" hunters will cut off the sources of spiritual exaltation and party pap without regard to previous condition of servitude. The people will take no more promises for "reform," for the C. M. A. S. dealt them out last fall with exceeding liberality, only to find a long session spent in playing at cross purposes, and millions expended without one effort being made to relieve the depressed condition of labor, embarrassed capital, or mortgaged machinery. Give us an "assessment," or brains and honesty!

The Democratic press have sung pæans of glory in praise of "Blue-Jeans" Williams, the Democratic sponger of lemonade from the Senate Chamber, while preaching in the House against using the people's money for illegal luxuries. But a neighbor living at Pittsburgh, Ind., writes: "Know him? Of course I do. In the fall of 1875, during the overflow of White river, a nephew of this "reform" candidate for Governor had a ferry boat, and had loaded on it his household goods, with those of a neighbor, to convey them out of the river valley to higher land. At the instant of starting old 'Jimmy' came up and begged him to save his stock. His nephew unloaded, went down the river, labored all that day saving fourteen houses, and his hogs, getting home late at night to find his provisions all destroyed by the high water. He never charged anything for his work, but being poor and unable to procure food on time, he applied to his uncle for the loan of two dollars. Old Jimmy said to him: 'Here, take it, d——n you; every worthless hound will be running to me for help, when I have lost more than all of you.'" The man willing to rob his own blood, though rolling in wealth, and refuse to replace necessary food destroyed because of attention to his pecuniary interests, might be expected to stand up in the House and inveigh against Republican extravagance, while wiping the Senate lemonade from off his unshaven chin. For a first-class demagogue and scurvyless fraud, commend us to "Blue-Jeans Jimmy," the Democratic apostle of "reform" in the Confederate House.

The following circular shows the plan of organization of the Democratic party, and it is sent for the purpose of making your wide-awake Republicans watchful through this important campaign.

DELTA.

The Tilden Campaign.

A Warning to Republicans.

The following is the plan of organization adopted and now being extended over the whole country by the Democratic National Committee:

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
59 Liberty street, New York.

DEAR SIR: It is desirable that the Committee have the names of citizens of your town or section who favor the election of the nominees of the St. Louis Convention, and who can be relied upon for active co-operation and work during the present campaign. Please fill up this blank with such names. If you cannot yourself comply with this request, please hand the blank to some reliable and competent person who will attend to it.

Please return this blank to

W. S. ANDREWS,
P. O. Box 3637, N. Y. City.

N. B.—Please write distinctly. Be careful to place names in their proper columns.

Begin the list with the names of the more prominent and active persons.

If any names are given having a different post-office address from that first given, write the post-office over those names in each column. Use both sides of this sheet if necessary. In the column headed INDEPENDENT, put the names of Republicans who will not vote the Republican Presidential ticket, and all Independent and doubtful voters.

Post-office,—— County, —— State,——

DEMOCRATS	DEMOCRATS	INDEPENDENTS

INSTRUCTION AS TO THE DEMOCRATIC AND INDEPENDENT PRESS.

Strictly Confidential.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
59 Liberty St., N. Y, July, 1876.

DEAR SIR: Please fill out the annexed blank, and return it to the address given below, at your earliest convenience.

The information asked for is desired by the Committee for its use and guidance during the camgaign. A prompt reply is earnestly requested.

Very truly yours,
ABRAM S. HEWITT,
Chairman Dem. Nat. Com.

Please address all communications in reply to this circular to

W. S. ANDREWS,
Post-office Box 3637,
(or to 59 Liberty St., Room 7,)
New York City.

Please write answers to the following:

Name of your paper?
Post-office?
County?
State?
Name of editor or proprietor?
Is your paper daily, weekly, semi- or tri-weekly?
Day of the week on which your paper goes to press?
Day of publication?
Counties within which your paper chiefly circulates?
Is your paper classed as Democratic or Independent?
Please give to the Committee such information regarding the views and policy of your paper as you may deem proper.

Please add here a list of all Democratic or Independent papers in your State, so far as you are informed, which support the nominations of the Democratic party during this campaign.

NAME OF PAPER	POST-OFFICE	COUNTY

From a Druggist and Express Ag't.

LEWISBURG, Pa., Dec. 22, '74.

Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

Gentlemen:—For the benefit of those afflicted with dyspepsia, or weakness of the digestive organs, I would state that I have been engaged in the drug business upwards of twenty years, during which time I have sold no medicine that has relieved so many as the Peruvian Syrup, and having myself been afflicted for a long time with indigestion, I was perfectly cured by taking one large bottle. JONATHAN WOLFE.

Sold by all druggists.

Bellefonte and County.

——Go to Guggenheimer's for summer clothes. They are selling them below cost to close out their stock.

——The Curtin Guards, who left here last week for the Centennial Exhibition, numbered forty-five muskets and fifty-five men. They will no doubt get leisure time enough from their duties to do the big show completely.

YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL.—This school will open on Monday, Sep. 4th, in the North wing of the Academy, at Bellefonte. Teachers of the highest order of talents and attainments in their profession will be provided, under whose efficient management, together with the Principal, will be furnished at a moderate expense. Excellent and special advantages for the thorough and finished, practical and ornamental education of our girls and young ladies. A liberal patronage is desired. For particulars address, REV. J. P. HUGHES.

——The term "Dog Days" was applied by the ancients to the period of the year when Sirius, the brightest star in the constellation, known as Canis Major, rose and set with the sun, in the latitude of the Mediterranean. Owing to the procession of the equinoxes, that event occurs now as late as the 10th of August. The commencement of the Egyptian year was formerly simultaneous with this astronomical epoch. There is considerable difference between standard authorities as to the beginning and ending of "dies Caniculares" or dog days. The following are some of the computations: from July 3 to August 11; from July 15 to August 20; from July 24 to August 24; from the latter part of July to the first of September.

——The Bellefonte Car Manufacturing Co., which lately sold out to McClelland and Spear finding their account in a rather embarrassed condition, appointed a committee to examine into and report the true state of affairs. The result of their deliberations was; first, they find the property of the company encumbered with a mortgage for $50,000, which is more than the property would bring at forced sale; second, they found the floating debt of the company to amount to over $16 000, and the assets, consisting of notes, book accounts, etc., to amount to less than $7,000, of which not more than 50 per cent. can be collected. They, therefore, recommend that the company offer the creditors their notes, running one, two and three years, without interest, for fifty per cent. of the debt; or, second, the company will assign all the notes and book accounts to any person designated by the creditors in full payment of the floating debt; or, third, if the creditors will accept of 33⅓ per cent. of their claims in full payment and liquidation thereof, the same will be paid by a member of the company. All who are willing to accept the terms offered above are requested to notify the Secretary, Mr. S. A. Brew, as soon as possible so that arrangements may be made accordingly.

SHADE TREES.—No doubt all parties were impressed during the prevalence of the great heat, with the importance of shade trees about their doors; those who have fine trees along the pavement to ward off the burning rays of the sun, no doubt prized them very highly, while those who were without shelter must necessarily have learned a lesson on the importance of shade trees. The manner in which the sun's rays struck the pavement as well as the walls of houses unprotected by shade trees, was fearful to see and sickening to endure; while the sun would shine in the doors and windows, and heat up the house like an oven. Also where the walls were unproteced by trees and the sun beating against them a large portion of the day, would heat them so thoroughly that they would not cool down during the entire night. But where there were good shade trees found in front of the house it was quite different, and those having them could appreciate them more than ever. To find out how much any one valued those fine shade trees, just ask him what he would take to let you cut down one of the finest; the probability is he would not have one cut down for $100. But it does not cost near that much to raise them. All that is wanted is to plant them and care for them properly, and in due time they will afford the much desired shade. But it requires time. True, but there is no other way of getting shade trees. Besides the comfort afforded by the shade, the trees are an ornament to the town. Nothing improves the appearance of a town more than to have a row of shade trees along every curb. Let all lot owners see to it that there are shade trees in front of their lots.

"SCHOOL IN THE MOUNTAINS" FOR BOYS—Will begin its next regular session on Wednesday, Sep. 6, in the new Academy building, at Bellefonte. The principal will be assisted by Mr. Wm. H. Woolverton, a graduate of high standing at Princeton College, and who comes to us highly recommended. Boys will be thoroughly prepared for college, for the scientific schools, or for a business life.

For particulars address,
REV. J. P. HUGHES.

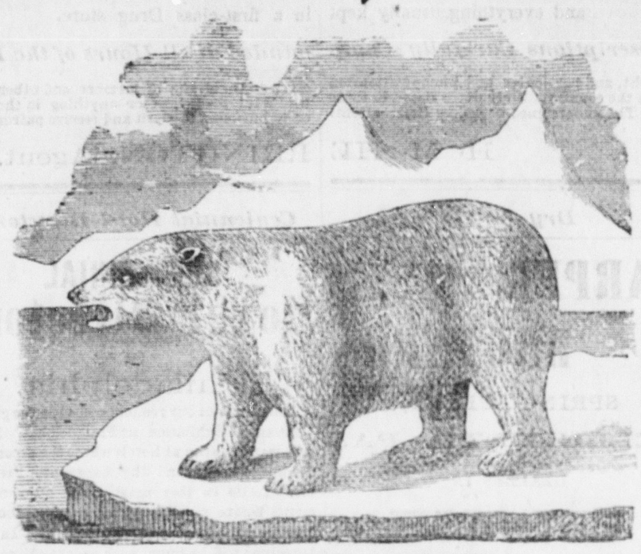
THE LARGEST!

—AND—

BEST SHOW

EVER IN BELLEFONTE.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23.



1776 **DECLARATION** 1876

WHEN IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS

It becomes necessary for MANAGERS OF SHOW BUSINESS to dissolve the Old Fogy bands which have connected them with OBSOLETE IDEAS, and assume among the inhabitants of this great Nation an INDEPENDENCE of action;

WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of HAPPINESS IN SHOW BUSINESS; that to secure these rights plans are instituted among Showmen, deriving their just power from the consent of the Show Going public. That whenever any style of Show becomes hackneyed it is the right of any Wide Awake Manager to inaugurate a new departure. TO THIS END

W. W. COLE,

Has turned over a new leaf, entirely ignoring the old thum-marks in the book of Show History. He has devoted three entire years in the organization of

A BRAN-NEW SHOW

On a Stupendous Scale.

During this time he has been running a show equal to the largest; but now, all Europe has been searched—all Asia and Africa has been looked over for Novelties and Rarest Curiosities, which he has at last Consolidated into one Grand Corporation.

All former attempts in the show business completely eclipsed. Largest and most comprehensive America has ever seen. Every Novelty that Ingenuity could invent, or Money procure, has been secured for this World-Wide Centennial Campaign. The hue and cry of the dear public during the last decade has been for something entirely new. W. W. Cole has supplied this want, as the immense throng testify who daily congregate beneath his

VAST CANOPY!

MONSTER RACE TRACK

30 feet wide—8 times around a full mile. Ample room for promenades in the beautiful and very extensive ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. Such an elaborate collection of curious, rare and very costly LIVING WILD ANIMALS was never before in Congress Assembled on this continent, or elsewhere, since our first parents in the Garden of Eden, embracing the Denizens of the Forest, Jungle, Morass, Mountain, Vast Deep, Reptiles, Serpents, Sea Monsters, Birds, Etc., from every Clime and Zone, which can exist in this climate—the list is complete. In the monster tent will appear a

DOUBLE CIRCUS TROUPE!

The rarest gems of the entire profession. Beautiful Trained Horses, Ponies and mules—The "OLD CLOWNS" will be there.

THE GREAT RACE SHOW will give the public, for the time, an opportunity to Test the Speed of all kinds of Animals on the Great Race Track.

RACING ELEPHANTS, RACING CAMELS, RACING DROMEDARIES,
RACING SPANISH BULLS, RACING BISONS. RACING REINDEERS,
RACING ZEBRAS, RACING CHARIOTEERS. RACING MUSTANGS,
RACING BRONCHAS, RACING IN SACKS, RACING BLINDFOLDED,
RACING BACKWARDS, RACING BY FAT MEN, Etc., Etc,

Thoroughbred Racers and Trotters against time; Walking Matches by ladies and gents; Liberty races by Wild Horses turned loose on the track; Four and Two-Horse Chariot Races, lady Drivers. Old Clowns' Donkey Race (slowest wins). All these multifarious exhibitions will be given intact the entire season, in small and large towns, all the same. W. W. COLE'S PRICE OF ADMISSION REMAINS UNCHANGED. The arrival of the Railroad trains containing this vast amount of show property, etc., will be announced by FIRING A CANNON. The same signal will be given at 10 o'clock A. M., when the great

MARDI-GRAS PAGEANT STARTS ON ITS GRAND PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS. Doors open at 1 and 7 o'clock P. M. Come Early—First Come, first served with choice seat near the stand. GENERAL ADMISSION 50 cents. CHILDREN UNDER TEN YEARS, 25 cents

A limited number of CHOICE RESERVED SEATS.

☞ Make a memorandum of the date, and don't fail to see this immense corporation. ☜ Remember the date.

W. W. COLE, Manager and Sole Proprietor.

TYRONE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 24.

S. & A. Loeb's Mammoth Dry Goods Store.

THE CHEAPEST

IN ALL LINES OF GOODS,

And Under ALL CIRCUMSTANCES!

S. & A. LOEB.

List of Patents issued to Inventors of Pennsylvania, excepting Phila., for the week ending July 29, 1876, and each dated July 11, 1876 Furnished this paper by Cox & Cox, Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

P Deland Weighing Buckets Little Coole
T Malcolmson Steam Valve Oil City
H Parshall Oil and Liquid Pumps Fidionte
C & J Adams Pokers Pittsburgh
C Adams Coffee Mills "
H Guignon Pump and Funnell Corry
W McGill & F Bowen Hawser Clamp Angelica
A Nichols Mitering Machine Williamsport
T Pears Glassware Pittsburgh
J Robinson Reed Organ Action North East
T Thornton Tubing Clutches Tidionte
F Brallier Nut Lock Johnstown
J Discher Coak Ovens Pittsburgh
T Johnson Coffee Mills "
J Laughlin Straw-Cutter York
J McCaffrey Re-Working R R Rails Pittsburgh
W Montgomery Bench Planes Amity
J Sayre Slat Frame Martin's Creek
G Williamson Car Link Adjusters Pittston
" Railroad Ties "

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, August 9, 1876.

The extreme hot weather has a tendency to affect business circles, and buyers are off, which gives the merchants an opportunity to occupy a cool corner.

WHEAT—Several farmers have been looking after buyers of wheat during the last week, who are not willing to accept the market price. The samples offered are up to the average, including a fair yield.

CORN—There is a large amount of corn for sale yet, but the maximum price offered is from 40@42 cents for shelled, which holders are loth to take. Messrs. Shorthidge & Co. inform us that they cribbed on November 17, 1875, 165 bushels of ear corn—2350 inches per bushel—which weighed 19.5 pounds. The corn was taken from the crib August 3, 1876, and measured 134 bushels ears, weighing 4585 pounds, which shows a loss of 22 6-10 per cent in weight, and 18 8-10 per cent in bulk. The corn was in good condition, not having been disturbed by rats. We are assured that this is a correct statement of a reliable test, which shows that the average shrinkage of corn in eight months is about 20 bushels to the hundred.

OATS—The old stock is not exhausted, with an average crop to harvest, which will tend to make a further reduction in prices.

HAY—There is an abundant crop and the offerings are liberal. We note a sale of Hungarian grass at $12 50 per ton, out of the field.

QUOTATIONS.

White Wheat per bushel	$1 15
Red wheat	1 15
New wheat	1 00
Rye per bushel	65
Corn, cob	40
Corn, shelled	40
Oats	30
Flour, retail per barrel	7.00
Flour, wholesale	6.00

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay choice timothy per ton	$12 00
Hay Mixed per ton	15.00
Long rye straw, bundled per ton	10 00
Short straw per ton	6.00@8 00
Clover seed	9 00

PLASTER.

Cayuga, ground, per ton	9 50
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	11 50

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by S. A. Brew & Son.

Apples, dried, per pound	12
Apples, per bush	125
Butter	15c
Cherries, dried, per pound	10
Beans per quart	8
Fresh Butter per pound	20
Chickens, per piece	25
Turkeys, per pound	10
Cheese, per pound	18
Hams, per pound	18
Bacon	12 & 14
Lard, per pound	15
Eggs, per doz	15
Tallow, per pound	7
Potatoes, per bush	20
Dried Beef	25
Wilson's Pressed Pork, per lb	25
Cod Fish, boneless	12
Canned Tomatoes, per can	18
Oranges, per doz	50
Lemons, per doz	40

Philadelphia Stock Market.

Quotations of WHITE, POWELL & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 4, 1876.

	BID.	ASKED.
U. S. 1881, c	120¾	120¾
" 5 20 " '65, M. and N	116	116¼
" " " '65, J. and J	117¾	118
" " " '67, " "	119½	120
" " " '68, " "	121¾	121¾
" 10-40 coupon	119	119¼
" Pacific 6's, cy	126½	126¾
New 5's, Reg. 1881	117¾	117¾
" " c 1881	117¾	117¾
Called Bonds		
Gold		
Silver	100	101
Pennsylvania	56¾	56¾
Reading	44¾	44¾
Philadelphia and Erie	17	17¾
Lehigh Navigation	41¾	41¾
" Valley	56¾	56¾
United R. R. of J	139¾	139¾
Oil Creek	9¾	10
Northern Central	35	35¾
Central Transportation	45¾	46
Nesquehoning	54¾	54½
C. & A, Mortgages 6's '80	106¾	106¾

READING NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.—No people in the world suffer as much with dyspepsia as the American people. Although years of experience in medicine has failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as sour stomach, heartburn, water brash, sick headache, costiveness, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, coming up of the food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of Green's August Flower we believe there is no case of dyspepsia that cannot be immediately relieved. 30,000 dozen sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your druggists, J. Zeller & Son, or F. Potts Green, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Regular size 75 cents. v8n29eowtf

Peruvian Syrup vs. Alcoholic Tonics.

It has been a desideratum with the medical profession to procure a preparation of iron less objectionable than any of those now in use, which often produce unfavorable effects upon the system, especially when prepared with alcoholic fluids.

In many cases of debility and convalescence from disease, where a tonic is indicated, wine, brandy, porter, etc., have been recommended; but these are of very doubtful efficacy, to say the least. Alcohol is never digested, is ranked among the diffusible stimuli, and is incapable of affording nutrition. It creates generally an unnatural excitement and derangement of the circulation, irritating the whole system by preventing the blood from losing its carbon. Again, how difficult it is to obtain an article approaching to purity, almost all the wines, brandies, porters, etc., being more or less adulterated.

Such being the case with regard to the spiritous preparations of iron, and the alcoholic drinks, of which any one can satisfy himself by investigating the subject, an opportunity is now presented in the Peruvian Syrup, for the trial of an article in general practice, which has the very strongest recommendations from medical and scientific men of the highest character—a preparation which so happily combines the protoxide of iron with the other constituent parts that the effects incident to the use of iron, salts are entirely obviated.

For all cases in which iron or any tonic is needed, this preparation is confidently believed to be far superior to any other. It seems to purify the very fountain of health.

New Advertisements.

A Valuable Farm for Sale!

IN COLLEGE TWP., CENTRE CO., PA.,

on the line of the Lewisburg, Centre & Spruce Creek Railroad,

A VALUABLE FARM

containing 110 acres more or less. There is also TEN ACRES of valuable TIMBER, which the purchaser could have if desired. The farm is well fenced and well watered, Cedar creek running through the place. The buildings on the place consist of a large

TWO-STORY STONE HOUSE,

spring-house, barn and all other necessary out-buildings. There is on the place a

NICE LOT OF FINE FRUIT TREES.

Near the place are several manufactories, and shops of all kinds convenient. It is expected that the depot will be located on lands adjoining.

For particulars address,

J. S. FOSTER,

BOALSBURG, PA.

8-31-tf

[Centre Hall Reporter please copy.]

Female College.

PITTSBURGH FEMALE COLLEGE.

—AND—

PITTSBURGH CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

In Buildings, Faculty, Patronage, and all the facilities for acquiring a thorough, solid and ornamental education, one of the leading Schools in the United States.

TWENTY-SIX TEACHERS.

Charges less than any School affording equal advantages and accommodations

Send to the President, REV. I. C. PERSHING, D.D., for a catalogue. Fall term commences September 7. 30-4w

New Advertisements.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

CAPS, CAPES & TORCHES.

Send for ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR AND PRICE LIST.

CUNNINGHAM & HILL,

MANUFACTURERS, 30-3m

NO. 204 CHURCH STREET, PHILA.

ATTENTION, AGENTS!

The New Jersey Mutual Life Insurance Co., desires to secure an active and energetic man to act as district agent in Centre county. Terms liberal. Here is an opportunity for some wide-awake, reliable man to secure a good contract and a paying business. For further particulars, terms, &c. Call on or address,

F. C. PERCIVAL,

30-3t. 424 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

St. Cloud Hotel.

Arch St., between 7th and 8th.

The only first-class Hotel in Philadelphia that did not raise its rates on account of the Centennial.

Old Rates, $3.00 a Day.

G. W. MULLIN, Prop'r

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—THE UNDERsigned, an auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Centre county to make distribution of the balance in hands of administrators of the estate of John Leathers, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment on Friday, the 25th day of August, 1876, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the office of A. O. Furst, Esq., in the borough of Bellefonte, when and where all persons interested are requested to attend and present their claims, or be debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

v8n30t3 E. M. BLANCHARD, Auditor.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 8-1otf

SEND 25c to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimate showing cost of advertising. 21otf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Silas Rossman, deceased, late of Walker township, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JUSTICE M. ROSSMAN, Admr.

Nittany P. O., June 27, 1876. 26-6t

ASSIGNEE'S SALE of a STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE. On

Saturday, August 12, 1876,

at 10 o'clock A. M., at the residence of William Armagast, near Peter Ruble's mill, in Potter township, I will expose at public sale a general stock of Merchandise, consisting of DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, HARDWARE, Etc., with Store Fixtures, being the property that came into my hands as assignee of said William Armagast.

JOHN G. LOVE,

29-3t Assignee.

FOR SALE.—I have a Hundred Bushels of clean New-ground Fultz SEED WHEAT for sale. I will also have a few pure ESSEX PIGS to spare this fall, for the improvement of other stock. A. S. TIPTON.

Curtin Twp., Aug. 9, 1876. 31-4t

J. L. COCHRAN. J. W. GILLESPIE.

COCHRAN & GILLESPIE,

LEAF AND MANUFACTURED

TOBACCO

Cigars, Etc.,

NO. 255 MARKET STREET

(NORTH SIDE)

PHILADELPHIA.

v8-31-1y

Legal.

ORPHANS COURT SALE.

In the matter of the estate of Catharine Robb, late of Walker township, deceased.

By virtue of an order of sale, issuing out of the Orphans Court of Centre county, the undersigned, administrator of said deceased, will expose to public sale, at 1 o'clock P. M.,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1876,

on the premises, the real estate of the said decedent, described as follows, to-wit: All the one undivided half interest in and to all that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Walker township, Centre county, beginning at stones, thence by lands of M. Shaffer, north 25 degrees, west 55 perches to a post; thence north 45½ degrees, east 26 8-10 perches to a post; thence south 43½ degrees, east 10 3-10 perches to a post; thence 45½ degrees, east 2 6-10 perches to a post; thence south 46 degrees, east 1 perch to a post; thence south 64 degrees, west 3 perches to a post; thence south 20 degrees, east 55 4-10 perches to a stone; thence south 71 degrees, west 24¾ perches to the place of beginning, containing Ten Acres and Forty-Eight Perches. Said premises has erected thereon a fine two-story Hotel Building and is known as the "Nittany Hall" property.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid on day of sale, and the balance thereof to be paid on confirmation of sale.

29-4t W. W. ROGERS, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of James M. Thompson, late of Potter's Mills, Pa., deceased having been granted to the undersigned, by the Register of Centre county, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to decedent are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims against his estate will please present them duly authenticated for settlement to

JOHN J THOMPSON, Admr.

Lemont, Pa., July 24, 1876. 29-6t

A CHOICE FARM, AND HOUSE AND LOT for sale. Will be exposed to public sale,

SEPTEMBER 9th, 1876,

the following described property, at the late residence of John Emmert, deceased, situated in Harris Township, Centre county, Pa.: One farm containing one hundred and thirty-three acres, more or less. The above named farm is bounded by lands of B. Eeverhart, deceased, James Glenn, McFarland, Dr. Henderson, deceased, and others. The farm is well watered, a never failing stream of water running through the farm within thirty yards of the barn; also a well of never failing water at the house, with good pump in it; also a large frame dwelling house, two stories high, almost new; a frame bank barn forty-five by eighty feet; and all other necessary out-buildings. The farm is one of the best producing farms for all kinds of grain in the community; all limestone land. Also large orchard of choice apples.

For particulars inquire of Wm. Wertz, who lives on the farm.

Also one house and lot situated in Boalsburg, Harris township, Centre county, Pa. The house is two stories high, with kitchen attached to it, and all necessary out-buildings; also a good stable and a never failing well of water, with good pump in the lot; is well set with choice fruit trees of various kinds.

Also two acres and 142 perches of excellent land near the German Reform Church, in Boalsburg, within two squares of above named house. JOSIAH NEFF,

30-4t Executor of J. Emmert dec'd.

Cox's New Bakery.

NEW BAKERY.

Having purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the

KEYSTONE BAKERY,

opposite the depot, Bellefonte, Pa., I am now prepared to furnish families with the best of

BREAD, BREAD, BREAD,
CAKES, CAKES, CAKES,
PIES, PIES, PIES, PIES,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
CONFECTIONERIES, ETC.,
CONFECTIONERIES, ETC.,
CONFECTIONERIES, ETC.

all guaranteed to be fresh and pure. I have employed Mr. John Dawson, who is acknowledged to be the best baker in town, to take charge of the bakery, and at all times I will strive to give entire satisfaction to my customers. A. H. COX.

v8-26-1y

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

Agricultural.

Avoiding Hen Lice.

These parasites breed and multiply in the filth and dirt in and about hen quarters. The manure should not be allowed to accumulate under the roosts and on the floors of the houses. It should be deodorized with dry earth or sifted coal ashes, or muck or plaster or some other absorbent, and removed at least once a week, and deposited where fowls cannot gain access to it This, when properly attended to, will be found to render the task of keeping down the lice much easier. The quarters, including roosts, nests, walls, floors and utensils of every kind, should be thoroughly whitewashed—say in April, July, September and November. The wash should have some sulphur or kerosene incorporated with it, and if it be put on hot it will be all the better. It should be applied to every crack and cranny, no point being missed. The roost poles or perches should be removed, and all the bearings or points of contact should be especially treated, for it is in these places that the "mites" are most at home. After a thorough application of the lime wash, the roosts should be well smeared with a mixture of lard and kerosene. The hen's natural resort to rid herself of lice is the dust bath. Where fowls are not at liberty to seek a suitable bath, it should always be furnished them in a sunny part of their house. It may consist of chip dirt, dry earth, sifted coal ashes, wood ashes, or a mixture of all of them together, with a little sulphur or Persian powder mixed with it. Even where fowls have their liberty it will be found beneficial to give them a dusting place, to which they will be sure to resort. It will never be necessary to catch and apply oil or grease of any kind to fowls to destroy lice, if the foregoing suggestions are put into practice. But where, from neglect or carelessness, the poultry are infested, it may be advisable—in order to destroy as soon as possible all traces of vermin—to apply some unguent or poison to the bodies of the fowls. For this purpose we would advise a mixture of lard and coal oil, heated together until thoroughly mixed, as the cheapest and most convenient article to use. If thought best a little sulphur may be mixed into the compound. To apply it, catch the fowls at night, and with the finger smear a little of the preparation on the top of the head and under the lower mandible; then put a small quantity under each wing, and rub it in so that it will reach the skin; repeat the same operation between the body and thighs and about the root of the tail. One operation, if thoroughly performed, will be sufficient.

The complaint that poultry keeping is unprofitable generally comes from the parties who neglect the small details of the business, which are so important in the comfort and profitableness of the flock. If the foregoing directions are put into practice there will be little to apprehend on the score of lice.

Fining the Soil.

I believe one of our greatest mistakes in farm business is made in our undue haste when sowing and cultivating our crops. We are in so much hurry to get the seed into the ground that we do not take time to properly fit the soil for its reception. We plow the land, run a pulverizer or harrow over it once, sow or plant the seed, and cover it as quickly as possible. Sometimes we do not do as much as this. I have known a man to plow heavy land for oats, and sow the seed on the furrows. Of course the surface was very rough and broken—nothing but a succession of ridges and hollows and large clods—utterly unfit to receive the seed. But the farmer was in a hurry and could not stop to harrow the land before sowing. Planting is very often done on land that is not half fitted. And, as it would be natural to expect, a man who is in too much hurry to get his land in good order to plant is generally in too great haste to thoroughly cultivate the growing crop. He runs the cultivator or horse-hoe between the rows once or twice during the season, and thinks this is all that he can afford to do. But here he makes a great mistake—one of the greatest mistakes which he can make in his whole business. By this course he greatly diminishes his crops and reduces his profits, for the profit of farm crops lies in a large yield per acre. A small yield only pays expenses. And it is the haste with which the land is prepared and the neglect which the crop receives which occasions the low yields of which so many farmers complain, and which bars the way to success in their business. I am convinced, both by experience and observation, that it is useless to run over our land. We ought not to plant more than we can cultivate thoroughly. If we have already got too large an area planted, let us hire extra help and cultivate the crop well. Another year we can plant less. Less planting and more cultivation would be a good motto for the average farmer. The soil contains many of the elements of plant food, but it must be pulverized before the crop can readily obtain them. The finer we make the soil, the nicer the bed in which to put the seed, the easier and faster the plants can obtain their food. This is a principle of which we have been slow to take the advantage, but one which we ought to understand and apply. It certainly lies at the very foundation of economical and successful cultivation.—[Practical Farmer.

The Camphor Tree.

One of the most useful and magnificent productions of the vegetable kingdom that enriches China, and more particularly the provinces of Kiang-si and Canton, is the camphor tree. This stupendous laurel, which often adorns the banks of the rivers, was in several places found by Lord Amhert's Embassy above fifty feet high, with its stem twenty feet in circumference. The Chinese themselves affirm that it sometimes attains the height of more than three hundred feet, and a circumferance greater than the extended arms of twenty men could embrace.

Camphor is obtained from the branches by steeping them, while fresh cut, in water for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of a white jelly, adheres to a stick which is used in constantly stirring the branches, The fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes in a few hours. To purify it the Chinese take a quantity of fine powdered earth, which they lay at the bottom of a copper basin; over this they place a layer of camphor, and then another layer of earth, and so on until the vessel is nearly filled, the last or topmost layer being of earth. They cover this last layer with the leaves of a plant called po-ho, which seems to be a species of mentha (mint.).

They now invert a second basin over the first, and make it air tight by luting. The whole is then submitted to the action of a regulated fire for a certain length of time, and then left to cool gradually. On separating the vessels the camphor is found to have sublimed, and to have adhered to the upper basin. Repetitions of the same process complete its refinement. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient the camphor tree is one of the principal timber trees of China, and it is used not only in building but in most articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light color, and although light and easy to work, is durable and not liable to be injured by insects.

Something About Children.

I have never but once before written for a paper, and, as I see very few ladies attempt it, I am going to set an example, which I hope will be followed.

If there is anything pure in this wicked world it is little innocent children, and their society is often more preferable to me than that of older persons. After having listened to the idle gossip and scandal that is always afloat in the neighborhood, what is more refreshing than to be left alone with our little innocents and hear their childish, prattling tongues; and I think no home is complete without at least six well governed children.

I know it is not as fashionable to raise large families as in days gone past; but I hope no mother who reads this will ever have any greater trouble than raising large families, and I hope not one of the readers of your valuable paper will be guilty of the one great sin in this direction. We often hear it remarked that there are but few if any children in many of our largest houses. For shame, to let the sunshine of this world fade out in that way! To be sure, a mother with a large family must work harder and have more care than one who has not, but when we get a few spare moments to sit down, how sweet to have a pair or two of little arms thrown around our neck and to hear those little lips say, "Mother, I love you!" Are we not paid then for all the extra steps those little innocents have caused? It is our children that will take our places when we are through, and take care of us if we live to be old. And I think we should be very careful of the example we se set before them so we may not be ashamed to have it said as they grow to be men and women, they are walking in our footsteps.

Parents should be united in the government of their children, and carry a steady hand, but should not be too strict. I think it a poor plan to fret and scold to children, and some go as far as to call their own children fools, and they soon begin to think they are, and no child was ever made much brighter in that way. What is still worse is the use of profane language, before or to them. Some mothers (I am sorry to say it) as well as fathers, make this their practice. Neither do I believe in the practice of whipping children—it is not the best way to rule; better rule by love than by fear. When I see a rod laid up for the little backs I think there is bad management in that home.

Let us teach our girls to work, but not drill them too steadily into any one kind of work, or keep them too long at it, so they will get tired of it and not like it. Let them have their dolls and pieces to make their clothes, and show them how to cut and make little garments. Give them yarn with which to knit little stockings, and they will get used to sewing and knitting in that way. If there are more girls than boys let them go in the garden and help their father, or go for the cows, and get in the wood for night, no matter if it does tan them up a little, it puts a rose on their cheeks and helps to lighten their father's work. If there are more boys, learn them to be useful in the house—a boy can help tend the baby, wash or mop, wash dishes or sweep, if they are taught how; and sometimes it comes very handy for them in after years to know how to do such work; and a knowledge of it will never come amiss.

Let us exercise care and procure the best of teachers for our schools, and then let us not excuse our children from school for any trifle, for if allowed to stay out for trifles they will not learn as well when there, and will think of more things for an excuse to stay out of school.

Let us take for them a good paper or magazine. There are a great many families in this county who do not have a paper of any kind in their house, and sometimes scarcely a book, and the children growing up without acquiring any love for reading. To all such I would urge, for their own lasting good, that they at least take one paper, if no more; and I would recommend the REPUBLICAN. I know of no better use we can make of a few dollars for our children than in this way; and above all things we should keep them in good company, and not for the sake of getting rid of their racket, let them be one hour in low, dissipated company. We shall have cause to regret if we do.

Now, I hope more of your lady readers will write for your paper, upon this or any other subject. I know you will freely give us a place in your columns. A great deal that is interesting to us ladies may in this way be brought to light, and, with your permission, you may possibly hear again from

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Snow Shoe City	8.30	1.00
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STATIONS.	MAIL. A. M.	EXPRESS. P. M.
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Centennial Hotel Directory.

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Thousands of our readers will visit the grand Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. They will want to stop at hotels where the accommodations are good and the charges are reasonable. To do so they must make all arrangements before starting. This can be done by correspondence with the proprietors. In this Directory will be found such as are fully up to these requirements.

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For one week or longer, $3 per day.
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27-4t W. H. BAKER & CO., Phila.

Peabody House,
CORNER OF LOCUST & NINTH STS.
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Convenient to all places of amusement and car lines in the city. No changes to and from the Centennial grounds.

Col. Watson, proprietor of the HENRY HOUSE, Cincinnati, for the past twenty years, and present proprietor, has leased the house for a term of years, and has newly furnished and fitted it throughout. He will keep a strictly first-class house, and has accommodation for 300 guests. Terms only $3 per day.

No bar has ever been kept in the HENRY HOUSE, nor will any be kept at the PEABODY.

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Continued from Second Page.

almost falling at every step. Oh, the cruelly lengthened distance! Would they never touch anything else but snow—blinding, stinging, bewildering snow? Had it swept away the house, fence, trees, everything, and left them nothing but this endless plain, where sooner or later, they must sink down to their fatal rest?

Roland staggered and fell heavily forward, casting her arms away from him. It was a gesture of farewell. For one instant it seemed to Jenny that it would be very sweet to fling herself down beside him and fall asleep. An aching weariness filled her limbs; her very heart seemed turning to ice.

Yet she would not give up. Energy, struggling, meant either life or death, as she should use or non-use them. She partly raised poor Roland from the snow, and tried to shout encouraging words, but her lips were benumbed, and it was like shouting behind the torrent of Niagara.

It was when Jenny began desperately to drag him on by main force than Roland rallied a little and showed signs of resistance. It was an ungallant thing for a man to permit a woman to carry him, or to partially carry him, he dimly thought, striving to free himself from her grasp. All his faculties were dulled. But the more he resisted, the more Jenny persevered. She always believed afterwards that God gave her strength.

It was while she was dragging, and coaxing, and lifting, and beating him, all at the same time, and luring him on with the tenderest words, that a most heavenly sound swept across her half delirious senses. The lowing of a cow! The cow, anxious for shelter and supper; then it was that the poor exhausted young woman felt that she should die: the rebound from dispair to hope was so sudden. On him if he heard it, the sound made no impression. In that stage of apathy he would have unresistingly passed away to death, though the very firelight of home, so to say, was beaming from its windows upon him.

"Oh, merciful Father, help him—let him not die now," prayed Jenny. And with desperate energy she pulled him on; pulled, and pulled, and pulled. And the house was gained at last.

Fortunately the fire had almost gone out in the stove and the room had a healthful chill in its atmosphere, that was better suited than comfortable warmth to half-frozen people. It seemed an eternity to Jenny before she could command her fingers sufficiently to light the lamp. The lamp lighted, she had to crawl up stairs and fling down blankets and pillows, in which she buried her husband, first gladdening herself with the assurance that he was alive, and probably not badly frozen. Then she turned her attention to the fire. She regretted having said so haughtily, in that far off morning—ages ago, it seemed—that there was plenty of wood. There was no wood left now, she had put the last on before going out. But Mrs. Hardy had not survived the cruel tempest to perish for the lack of an armful of fuel. Her husband might die yet if not properly taken care of. She could not rest, she could not breathe, until he could speak to her again, and assure her that he was going to live.

She carried the lamp to the window and shading her face with her hand, looked out. The wood-pile, whenever the driving snow permitted a glimpse, was a discouraging sight, only a log showing here and there like the fin of a whale. Jenny shrugged her shoulders ruefully and turned away.

Then she bethought herself of a stack of wonderful knots and grotesque little stumps, which Roland had from time to time stored in a corner of the loft, to be worked up when help in his labor should arrive, and he had consequently more leisure, into vases and hanging baskets for the house plants. It seemed a pity to burn these; but pity must give way to necessity, and without a moment's hesitation Jenny reascended the stairs and made a plentiful selection from them. They were dry as tinder, and in a short time a noble fire crackled and roared in the big stove, and Roland Hardy was oh-ing and ah-ing under his blankets with the pain of returning warmth.

The glowing consciousness that she had saved him bore Jenny up. Her own exhaustion was almost unfelt; her eyes sparkled triumphantly, and as she put the kettle over the fire, and got out Roland's slippers and some dry clothing, and placed them by the fire to warm, her heart was giving vent to praises of thankfulness.

She drew the wide, comfortable sofa to the fire and heated its cushions. Then she stooped and took her husband's face in her hands.

"Oh, Roland, do you know what a fearful tramp we have had? Do you know that we were freezing to death only a short time ago?"

Roland did not know anything very clearly as yet; but he grew conscious of being by the fire, wrapped in warm blankets, when, as he vaguely remembered, his last act was to lie down in the snow.

"What was done?" he presently asked; "how did you get here? Who helped us?"

"Angels," replied Jenny.

"You must have brought me—and you may have killed yourself," cried Roland, a glimmer of intelligence beginning to light up his eyes.

"Roland, dear, I am not dead yet. I don't mean to die, by heaven's good will. And now I am going to pull off your boots."

"Oh, Jenny——"

But remonstrance was idle. He was thrust back on the pillows and his boots removed, with great difficulty and many tragic flourishes, and solemn remarks concerning his inordinate vanity in wearing such tight ones. Poor Jenny, in the joy of their escape, strove to make merry.

She was saying as she put them away that she would next put him in bed and make him a cup of coffee; and Roland was struggling to free himself from the blankets, and vowing that he would have no more nonsense, when the room began whirling around her. "I feel so ridiculously faint," said she, as he started up, and the next moment she had fallen into his extended arms.

Her first sensation on coming to herself was a consciousness of intense comfort, mingled with a luxurious, drowsy wish that it might last forever. Present time had faded from her. She fancied she was a child again, tenderly borne upon her mother's breast, and nestling among soft pillows. She heard the lambs bleating upon the hillsides, the brown thrush singing in the sweetbriar hedges; the perfumes of clover blossoms and of June roses seemed softly to sweep over her, touching her face, like cool, sweet, shadowy hands, and she nestled closer among the pillows and slept.

Her next consciousness was that of a man stumbling over a chair, and uttering in consequence a mild imprecation. She opened her eyes. The gray light of the late winter morning filled the little cabin. She was lying in one of her best night-gowns, tucked up in high state on the sofa; and it was the teakettle she had heard in her dreams, and the cologne water on her hands and face that had seemed to her like the breath of summer fields. Close beside her was an arm-chair where Roland had sat and watched through the night. Her boots and snow-wet clothes were strewn recklessly about the floor; wine, camphor, the coffee-pot, and the chapped-hands lotion occupied the table; the bath-tub was tilted up by the wood-box; the wardrobe bore evidence of having been turned topsy-turvey, and David was calmly slumbering on the best shawl. The devastating power of man had been let loose in that orderly little house.

Poor David. He had got home then. He must have lost his way, as they did.

Roland Hardy, awkardly busy after man's fashion, and alternately regarding his wife, lest his movements had awakened her, looked half bewildered. His manly face was softened by a look of the keenest and tenderest solicitude, interspersed with perplexity as to the household arrangements. He had just poured some water into the tea-kettle, and was looking helplessly around for the cover.

"On the top of the coffee-mill, dear," spoke up Jenny, encouragingly. And she was surprised at the weak, tired sound of her voice.

He came swiftly to her side and knelt down. Jenny drew his head close to her breast. "Dear heart," she whispered, "I am so glad we are alive."

It was a long while before Roland spoke, and when he did it was in a choked voice.

"I talked to you like a ruffian yesterday, Jenny."

"No, dear, it was I who did that."

"It all came back to me in the night, and, with it, how you dragged me out of the jaws of death. You saved my life, Jenny."

"Because your life was so dear to me—I was only selfish, you see."

"And you risked your own life," he continued, softly. "I ought to have cut my tongue out, Jenny, before saying to you a cross word. Oh, my best and sweetest."

A beautiful blush stole over her face, a smile parted her lips.

"Roland, you know it was all my fault, and my temper. But, my dear, I think this night has cured us both of ill temper forever. And oh, how delightful seems to me the home here that I grumbled at."

Yes, it no doubt read an effectual lesson to both of them. There are enough real ills in life without creating imaginary ones. And this true picture of a day in a settler's existence may perhaps serve as a lesson to us by making us more contented with our own civilized lot.

It is said that if a man is walking for health and enjoyment, four miles an hour is the best gait. This may be true as regards health, but for enjoyment we remember one night when it took us four hours to walk a mile. It happened, however, that the old folks had gone to camp meeting, and she had the night key, and, as far as health was concerned, we didn't really care if it took all night.

New Advertisements.

VEGETINE

Strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

VEGETINE

Is not a vile, nauseous compound, which simply purges the bowels, but a safe, pleasant remedy which is sure to purify the blood and thereby restore the health.

VEGETINE

Is now prescribed in cases of Scrofula and other diseases of the blood, by many of the best physicians, owing to its great success in curing all diseases of this nature.

VEGETINE

Does not deceive invalids into false hopes by purging and creating a fictitious appetite, but assists nature in clearing and purifying the whole system, leading the patient gradually to perfect health.

VEGETINE

Was looked upon as an experiment for some time by some of our best physicians, but those most incredulous in regard to its merit are now its most ardent friends and supporters.

VEGETINE

Instead of being a puffed-up medicine has worked its way up to its present astonishing success by actual merit in curing all diseases of the blood, of whatever nature.

VEGETINE

Says a Boston physician, "as no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies had failed, I visited the laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to procure astonishing results."

VEGETINE

Is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

PROOF.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—About one year since I found myself in feeble condition from general debility. Vegetine was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefitted by its use. I procured the article and after using several bottles, was restored to health and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health. Respectfully yours,

U. L. PETTINGILL.

Firm of S.M. Pettingill&Co. 10 State St. Boston

CINCINNATI, Nov. 26, 1872.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—The two bottles of Vegetine furnished me by your agent, my wife has used with great benefit. For a long time she has been troubled with dizziness and costiveness; these troubles are now entirely removed by the use of Vegetine.

She was also troubled with Dyspepsia and general debility; and has been greatly benefited.

THOS. GILMORE, 229 Walnut St.

FEEL MYSELF A NEW MAN.

NATICK, MASS., June 1st, 1872.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—Through the advice and earnest persuasion of Rev. E. S. Best, of this place, I have been taking Vegetine for Dyspepsia, of which I have suffered for years.

I have used only two bottles and already feel myself a new man. Respectfully,

DR. J. W. CARTER.

Report from a Practical Chemist and Apothecary.

BOSTON, Jan. 1, 1874.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have sold at retail 1545 dozen (1852 bottles) of your Vegetine since April 12, 1870, and can truly say that it has given the best satisfaction of any remedy for the complaints for which it is recommended, that I ever sold. Scarcely a day passes without some of my customers testifying to its merits on themselves or their friends. I am perfectly cognizant of several cases of scrofulous Tumors being cured by Vegetine alone in this vicinity. Very respectfully yours,

AI GILMAN, 468 Broadway.

To H. R. Stevens, Esq.

29-4t

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists

WANTED.

A good reliable agent to canvass and sell Dr. O'Keefe's

Dollar Cases of Homeopathic Medicines,

for Families and Travelers. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO AGENTS. Sample case sent on receipt of $1 00. Address

DR. O'KEEFE,

Homeopathic Pharmacy, 47 East Diamond St., Allegheny City, Pa. 29-4t

THE LATEST & BEST.

"LET MY NAME BE KINDLY SPOKEN."

A beautiful Song and Chorus, by H. P. DANKS. Mailed, post paid, for 35 cents by

WM. H. BONNER & CO.,

Music publishers and Dealers, No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 29-8t

TRUE MARRIAGE GUIDE.

114 pages, illustrated. Cloth and gilt binding. A book for careful, private reading by both sexes, married and single. About marriage; whom to marry; proper age; Marriage Impediments, Nervous Debility; Sexual Inability; Blood Impurities, etc.; causes and consequences. Price 50 cents, sent securely sealed. Address

WM. WHITTIER, M. D.,
302 Penn st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

N. B.—Dr. Whittier *specially* treats Private Diseases with greatest success. Cures guaranteed. Consultation—personal and by letter—confidential and free. Call or write. 29-4t

Kunkle's Wine of Iron.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON

E. F. Kunkel's celebrated Bitter Wine of Iron will effectually cure liver complaint, jaundice, dyspepsia, chronic or nervous debility, chronic diarrhœa, disease of the kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver, stomach or intestines, such as constipation, flatulence, inward piles, fulness of blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sore eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision dots or webs before the sight, dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, head, chest, limbs etc., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil and great depression of spirits. Price $1 per bottle. Beware of counterfeits. Do not let your druggist palm off some other preparation of iron he may say is as good, but ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. Take no other. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is not sold in bulk—only in $1 bottles. E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, No. 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by all druggist and dealers everywhere.

Tape Worm Removed Alive.

Head and all complete in two hours. No fee till head passes. Seat, pin and stomach worms removed by Dr. Kunkel, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular. For removing seat, pin or stomach worms, call on your druggist and ask for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup, price $1. it never fails. Common sense teaches if tape worm be removed, all other worms can be readily destroyed.

vS n30 1m.

Bellefonte Car Works.

CHANGED HANDS.

McCLELLAN & SPEER,

(Successors to Bellefonte Car Manufact'ng. Co.)

having leased the work of the company are prepared to furnish

Sash,
Doors,
Sidings;
Flooring,
Mouldings,
Scroll Work,
Stains,
Building Material,

Cottage Bedsteads, and all kinds of frame work. The

MACHINE SHOPS

are the most complete of any in the State, and they will make a specialty of furnishing repairs for Threshing Machines, Reapers, Engines, &c., and having in operation the most approved Forging Hammers, Bolt Headers, Cutters and Net Taps, they can supply

Heavy Forgings,

Bolts, Nets, &c., at reduced prices. The

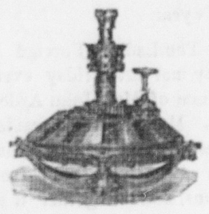
FOUNDRY DEPARTMENT

will be kept fully stocked with wagon spindles, and stove grates. New castings of all kinds.

McCLELLAN & SPEER,
8-13-1y Bellefonte, Pa.

Foundries.

W. P. Duncan & Co,



Bellefonte, Pa.

ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

HOUSTON WATER WHEEL

STEAM ENGINES,

CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,

ROLLING MILL

AND

Grist Mill Machinery.

v3n46a8l2-1y

Photographic Material.

Awarded the Highest Medal at Vienna.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 Broadway, New York,

(Opp. Metropolitan Hotel.)

Manufacturers, Importers & Dealers in

CHROMOS AND FRAMES,

Stereoscopes and Views

Albums, Graphoscopes and Suitable Views.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS

We are headquarters for everything in the way of

STEREOPTICONS AND MAGIC LANTERNS,

Being manufacturers of the

MICRO-SCIENTIFIC LANTERN,
STEREO-PANOPTICON,
UNIVERSITY STEREOPTICON,
ADVERTISERS' STEREOPTICON
ARTOPTICON,
SCHOOL LANTERN, FAMILY LANTERN,
PEOPLE'S LANTERN.

Each style being the best of its class in the market.

Catalogues of Lanters and Slides, with directions for using, sent on application.

Any enterprising man can make money with a Magic Lantern.

☞Cut out this advertisement for reference.
no23

Ocean Steamers.

AMERICAN LINE

MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

ONLY

LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Sailing every Thursday from PHILADELPHIA

For QUEENSTOWN & LIVERPOOL.

CABIN, INTERMEDIATE & STEERAGE

Accommodations Unsurpassed,

Rates as low as by any other First-Class Line.

PETERWRIGHT & SONS, General Agents.
W. W. POTTER, PHILADELPHIA
Penn R. R. Office, Agent, Bellefonte.

Boots and Shoes.

WILLIAM NEWCOMER,

Boot and Shoe-maker.

Repairing done on short notice. Also, Agent for the celebrated Grover & Baker Lock Stitch Sewing Machines. Machines of all kinds repaired or exchanged.

☞ Humes' Block, next door to post office.
vSn16-1y

Insurance.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENTS

SOMETIMES OCCUR, UPON THE RAILROAD, AND WHERE CROWDS OF PEOPLE ARE COLLECTED TOGETHER.

Before going to the Centennial it would be prudent to provide yourself with an ACCIDENT Policy in the only purely

Accident Insurance Company represented in Bellefonte.

THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY IS THE ONLY COMPANY WHICH ISSUES BOTH SHORT AND LONG TERM POLICIES.

Tickets issued by their agent from one to thirty days. $5 00 weekly indemnity paid for every $1000 00 insured.

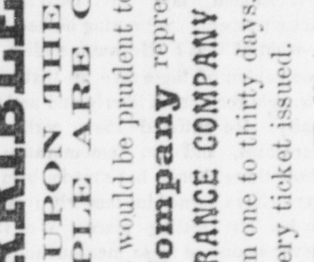
$15 00 weekly indemnity paid for every ticket issued.

OFFICE—North of Court House, Bellefonte, Pa.

W. B. RANKIN, Agent.

Carriages.

S. A. McQUISTION



MANUFACTURER OF

Buggies, Carriages,
Wagons Sleighs, &c.,

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO!

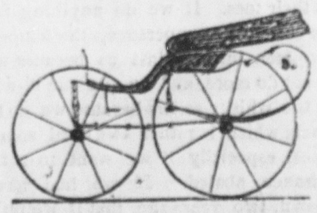
SHOPS NEAR THE DEPOT, BELLEFONTE PA. 5-4-1y

REMOVAL.

EDWARD A. BULLOCK & CO,

MILESBURG.

MANUFACTURERS OF



BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES

SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.

AND LUMBER WAGONS

Having rebuilt our factory, lately burned in the great fire at Milesburg, we have removed from Bellefonte, and can now be found at our new place of business near

CENTRAL CITY MILLS.

Thankful to our friends for past favors we solicit a continuance of their patronage at our new establishment.

Repairing Neatly and Carefully Done,

and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our motto is, **As Cheap as the Cheapest and Good as the Best.**

7-23-1y

GO TO

J. R. BARTROFF

FOR FINE

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, WAGONS, ETC.

Repairing promptly and neatly done at reasonable rates. 22-3m

E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. $1911

Railways.

CALIFORNIA.

The Chicago and North-Western

Railway embraces under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the WEST and NORTH-WEST, and with its numerous branches and connections forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California and the Western Territories. Its

Omaha and California Line

is the shortest and best route for all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australia. Its

Chicago, Madison and St. Paul

line is the short line for Northern Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and all points in the great North-west. Its

Winona and St. Peter Line

is the only route for Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its

Green Bay and Marquette

line is the only line for Janesville, Watertown, Fond Du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock and the Lake Superior Country. Its

Freeport and Dubuque Line

is the only route for Elgin, Rockford, Freeport and all points via Freeport. Its

Chicago and Milwaukee Line

is the old Lake Shore route, and is the only one passing through Evanston, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha, to Milwaukee.

PULLMAN PALACE CARS

are run on all through trains of this road.

This is the ONLY LINE running these cars between Chicago and St. Paul, Chicago and Milwaukee, or Chicago and Winona.

At Omaha our Sleepers connect with the Overland Sleepers on the Union Pacific Railroad for all points west of the Missouri river.

On the arrival of the trains from the East or South, the trains of the Chicago and North-western Railway LEAVE CHICAGO as follows:

For Council Bluffs, Omaha and California, Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars through to Council Bluffs.

For St. Paul and Minneapolis, Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached on both trains.

For Green Bay and Lake Superior, Two Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, and running through to Marquette.

For Milwaukee, Four Through Trains daily, Pullman Cars on Night trains, Parlor Chair Cars on day trains.

For Sparta and Winona, and points in Minnesota, One Through Train daily, with Pullman Sleepers to Winona.

For Dubuque, via Freeport, Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night trains.

For Dubuque and La Crosse, via Clinton, Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night train to McGregor, Iowa.

For Sioux City and Yankton, Two Trains daily. Pullman Cars to Missouri Valley Junction.

For Lake Geneva, Four Trains daily.

For Rockford, Sterling, Kenosha, Janesville and other points, you can have from two to ten trains daily.

New York office, No. 415 Broadway; Boston office, No. 6 State street; Omaha office, 253 Farnham street; San Francisco office, 121 Montgomery street; Chicago ticket offices: 62 Clark street, under Sherman House; corner Canal and Madison streets; Kinzie street Depot, corner W. Kinzie and Canal streets; Wells street depot, corner Wells and Kinzie streets.

For rates or information not attainable from your home ticket agents, apply to

MARVIN HUGHITT,
Gen. Sup't Chicago.

W. H. STENNETT,
Gen Pass. Agent, Chicago. v6n4-1y

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD—PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. R. DIVISION.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1876, the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE EXPRESS leaves New York			9 25 a. m
" "	Philadelphia		12. 55 p. m
" "	Baltimore		1. 2. p. m
" "	Harrisb'g		5.00 p. m
" "	arr. at Williamsp't		8.55 p. m
" "	Lock Haven		10.30 p. m
" " "	Erie		10.05 a. m
ERIE MAIL leaves New York			8.25 p. m
" "	Philadelphia		11.55 p. m
" "	Baltimore		2.10 p. m
" "	Harrisburg		4.25 a. m
" "	Williamsport		8.32 a. m
" "	Lock Haven		9.40a. m
" "	Renovo		10.55 a. m
" "	arr. at Erie		7.50 p. m
NIAGARA EX. leaves Philada			7.20 a. m
" "	"	Baltimore	9.30 a. m
" "	"	Harrisb'g	10.45 a. m
" "	arr. at Williamsp't		1.50 p. m
" "	"	Lock Haven	3.15 p. m
" "	"	Renovo	4.15 p. m
" "	"	Kane	8.45 p. m
" "	"	Buffalo	
LOCK HAVEN ACCOM. leaves Phila			8.00 a. m
" "	"	Baltimore	8.30 a. m
" "	"	Harrisburg	1.25 p. m
" "	arr. at	Williamsport	6.10 p. m
" "	"	Lock Haven	7.30 p. m
SUNDAY EX. leaves New York			8.25 p. m
" "	"	Philadelphia	11.55 p. m
" "	"	Baltimore	2.10 p. m
" "	"	Harrisburg	4.10 a. m
" "	arr. at	Williamsp't	7.40 a. m

EASTWARD.

PHILA EXPRESS leaves Erie			7.00 p. m
" "	"	Lock Haven	6.30 a. m
" "	"	Williamsp't	7.55 a. m
" "	arr. at	Harrisb'g	11.40 a. m
" "	"	Baltimore	6.25 p m
" "	"	Philadelphia	2.30 p. m
" "	"	New York	7.45 p. m
DAY EXPRESS leaves Kane			6.00 a m
" "	"	Renovo	10.10 a. m
" "	"	Lock Haven	11.20 a m
" "	"	Williamsport	12.40 p m
" "	arr at	Harrisburg	4.10 p m
" "	"	Philadelphia	7.20 p m
" "	"	New York	10.15 p. m
" "	"	Baltimore	6.55 p. m
" "	"	Washington	9.02 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie			11. 20 a. m
" "		Renovo	8.50 p. m
" "		Lock Haven	10.05 p. m
" "		Williamsp't	11.15 p. m
" "	arr. at	Harrisburg	2.45 a. m
" "	"	Baltimore	7.35 a. m
" "	"	Phila	7.00 a. m
" "	"	New York	10.10 a. m
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport			12.35 a m
" "	arr at	Harrisburg	3.55 a m
" "	"	Baltimore	7.35 a m
" "	"	Philadelphia	7.35 a m
" "	"	New York	10.35 a m
SUNDAY EX. leaves Williamsport			8.15 a m
" "	arr. at	Harrisburgh	11.40 a m
" "	"	Philadelphia	3.30 p. m
" "	"	New York	6.45 p. m
" "	"	Baltimore	7.35 p. m

Erie Mail west, Niagara Express West, Lock Haven Accom. west and Day Express east make close connection at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West Erie Express West, and Lock Haven Accommodation West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. & E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail east and west connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R., at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor Cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express west, Erie Express West, Philadelphia Express East Day Express East and Sunday Express East. Sleeping Cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN,
Gen'l Sup't.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Lodge Directory.

Bayard Post, No. 90. G. A. R., meets every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Council, No. 270, O. U. A. M., meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.

Centre Lodge, No. 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening, at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 53, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.

Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72, I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 2 o'clock, on or before each full moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Chapter, 241, R. A. M., meets on Thursday night preceding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Constans Commandery, No. 33, K. T., meets the second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Bellefonte and County.

——Use Cocoa-Camphorine.

——The Sunbury and Lewistown railroad, which was abandoned a few years ago, is again in operation.

——The Danbury *News* says that doing business without advertising is a good deal like trying to borrow a flag on the Fourth of July.

——A son of Jeff. Tresser, who lives near Centre Hall, had his collar bone broken the other day, the result of a fall from a fence.

——Emanuel Swartz, of Penn township, was cut in the arm by a circular saw while working in a mill at Elk Creek. The wound, however, is not serious.

——The camp meeting for Centre Circuit Evangelical Association will be held near Madisonburg, on lands of Michael Fiedler, commencing to-morrow, August 10th.

——The Pine Grove Sunday-school of Potter township will hold a harvest home celebration next Saturday, in the grove near Ruble's mill. The Centre Hall brass band will furnish music for the occasion

——Our Judge Orvis has been presiding over the court in Blair county during the trial of District Attorney Millikin. The Hollidaysburg *Standard* says "he won the respect of attorneys and all who had business before the court."

——We saw, among other wonderful things at the Centennial exhibition, a column of bituminous coal four feet square and twelve feet high, which weighs 22,000 pounds. It was taken from the great vein in Perry county, Ohio, and is said to be the largest coal specimen ever exhibited in the world.

——The Lutheran Conference met at Centre Hall last week. Rev. Bricker of Salona, presided, and preached the opening sermon. He took for his text, "The Unpardonable Sin." All the ministers belonging to the conference are said to have been present but one, which shows that they take a deep interest in their work. Rev. William H. Lilly, of this place, was present.

——'Squire Reifsnyder, of Millheim, has lately remodeled his house. The *Journal* says he has made it a thing of beauty—one of the best residences in town. He is a go-ahead, energetic fellow, and we are sorry that he is so unfortunate as to have been born and educated a Democrat. If he could only relieve himself of the prejudice of these early influences we are sure he would be a good Republican.

——Orvis McCormick, in company with three others, came upon a small village of rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountain, a short distance above the residence of James McCormick. They made an attack upon the settlement and succeeded in capturing six rattlers and one copperhead, which they took to Centre Hall and exhibited as trophies of their prowess. Some of them were over three feet long, and had eleven rattles.

——The Centre Hall *Reporter* says that "Jerry Condo, of Marion township, sends us two timothy stalks which grew upon his land, one measuring five feet one inch, and the other four feet eleven inches. This Mr. Condo pronounces Tilden timothy, and shows that he knows how to farm." That is long timothy, and Jerry no doubt is a good farmer. He has better luck raising long timothy than his party will have raising sham Tilden into the White House.

——To-morrow night, August 10th, our readers may look for a display of meteors. We are told that they will not come in such countless numbers as they do in November, but they are sure to come, for the August meteors seldom miss their appointment. They may be seen in all degrees of brilliancy from the globe of light, outshining Jupiter or Venus, and moving across the firmament in stately grandeur while emitting a fiery train, to the hardly perceptible thread of silver light of the smallest shooting star. Their advent will doubtless be watched for by astronomers with interest.

——Mr. William DeWitt, a soldier of the late war, died at his residence in this place a week ago last Saturday. He was a soldier of the 56th Pennsylvania Regiment, and, we have understood, a faithful and obedient one—always at his post of duty like a true patriot; and yet when he came to die there were none, or nearly none, so good as to do him reverence. Had it not been for the earnest efforts of Mr. William Jones he would not have had enough at his funeral to carry him to his grave. Where were the members of the Grand Army of the Republic that they allow a soldier to die neglected and alone, and then refuse to perform the last sad rites over his grave? The excuse cannot be offered that it was an oversight, for Mr. Jones made a personal application to several of the members, but they were all too busy! an ever ready excuse for those who do not want to perform a duty. If it had been Decoration Day, or any occasion where men could have made an ostentatious display of themselves, or marched in a procession to keep step to the enlivening strains of martial music, there would have been recruits enough, and some of the little men who were little captains in that bloody war would have been made very happy by being the marshals on such an occasion; but to bury a poor soldier who has no influential friends, ah! that is a different matter, and they are too busy. The "Watchman" says "Mr. DeWitt was not a pauper." Supposing he had been—what of that? He was a soldier, the companion of these men in that great struggle for human liberty and national unity. He suffered their perils and hardships, and the remembrance of those times should have made them eager to have borne him tenderly forward to his last resting place. We shall never again see these men out showing themselves but our mind will revert to this duty unperformed—this last sad service to an humble citizen soldier neglected. Next year they will plant a flag upon his grave and strew flowers thereon; but how much better it would have been if they had made smooth his pathway to the tomb, and given his body a soldier's burial.

> Oh, men, boast not thy lion heart!
> Tell not of proud, heroic deed!
> Have we not seen thy vaunted part
> Fail in this deepest hour of need?

But do not forget the flag and flowers next spring. 'Tis true, the poor dead heart beneath your feet will feel no throb of pleasurable emotion; but the one sincere mourner at that little funeral may notice the act, and it may be some gratification to him to see that the father who was neglected and forgotten while living is remembered with the rest of you when dead.

——It is very surprising what an enterprising set of men we have at present in the Borough Council—how they can take hold of a big job and put it through, as for instance that grading on the east end of Linn street which they have had on their hands for the last two years. If any enterprising business man had had that work in charge he would have done it in about three weeks: but of course the Town Council could not do it in less than three years. But then they are awful smart! Tom. Scott ought to come and take lessons from these gentlemen. If he would he might learn how to run a train of cars across the continent in ten years. Then there is a disgusting nuisance on the corner of Linn and Ridge streets, which was complained of last spring before the cold weather was gone. They have looked at it several times, but that is all; and Sitting Bull Garman can't see what the borough has got to do with filling up that place. If we had not published that list of petitioners for license, a year ago last spring no doubt he would be able to see clearer. That is the way the whisky men follow a person up when you tread upon their toes. If we do anything for the cause of temperance, the temperance men turn against us because we do not do more, and we get the ill-will of the whisky sellers because we do so much, which is rather awkward sometimes, especially if we want to get a nuisance abated. If we had have known, two years ago, that if we published the list of the petitioners for license we should have had to live the balance of our lives near a pool of filthy, stagnant water, we do not know as we should have done it; but the deed is done, and we have the everlasting ill-will of Sitting Bull. He won't do anything to abate our nuisance, and he won't take our paper. Oh, dear, O dear! Save us, master, or we perish!

——Company B, Fifth Regiment N. G. left this place for Philadelphia last Wednesday, under the command of Captain Van Valin. The boys looked like real veterans, with their guns slung over their shoulders and their knapsacks on their backs. We hope they will see all the sights worth seeing, and have a good time.

——The Philadelphia *Times* is the authority for saying that a "Peter Cooper Club" is to be organized in Altoona. We cannot see why the Democrats of this section who howled so lustily for more greenbacks last fall would not find Cooper better suited to their views than Tilden.

——Mr. Rote has sold his livery stable to Messrs. Howard Spangler and Edward Foster. Mr. Rote takes Horace Greeley's advice and goes west.

——The *Watchman* says that James Milliken, Esq., is a candidate for Congress, which we should be very glad to announce was true. He would make it lively for his Democratic competitor.

——If any of our readers want to buy summer goods and clothing at cost now they have an opportunity. Isaac Guggenheimer is selling such goods, of which he has an immense stock, at very low prices.

——The following sly dig at the *Watchman* appeared in last week's Centre Hall *Reporter*:

> And now we defy the BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN to copy articles from the *Reporter*, on Tilden, which are inconsistent with each other. Our references to Tilden long before the St. Louis convention are in accord with what we now have to say of the Democratic nominee for President.

——A large stock of fall and winter clothing has just been received by Isaac Guggenheimer, Nos. 1 and 2 Bush's Arcade, which they are selling at very low figures. They have the finest stock to select from to be found in this city. Give them a call.

——The recent copious rains have been of vast benefit to the corn, potato and grass crops. The corn, particularly, presents a splendid appearance, and is thriving finely. The prospect now is that the crop will be one of the finest gathered for a number of years. Our people have truly great reason to be deeply thankful to a kind and beneficent Providence for the bounteous crops with which they have been blessed this year.

——The Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society met last Friday evening at the residence of Mrs. John Ardell, on Linn street. Mrs. Orbison presided. There were about fifty ladies present. Interesting letters were read from foreign missions, and altogether it was a very profitable and interesting meeting. Mrs. Ardell is one of the most agreeable, lady-like hostesses to be found in all the country round, and has a peculiar gift for making all her guests enjoy themselves and feel at home.

——Every Republican ought to take his own county paper. If he loves the Republican principles he surely can afford five cents a week to spread them. The cost of a paper is no excuse for not taking one. There is not a week passes but that five times five cents are spent foolishly, which might have much better been invested in a newspaper. Two dollars a year invested in a newspaper buys more reading matter than twenty dollars will purchase in the way of books. A man may read books all his life, but if he fails to read the papers, he may be called ignorant. Without a newspaper a man is virtually out of the world.

——Republican votes are annually lost in this county by a neglect to comply with the requirements of the law relative to assessments and payment of taxes. All persons to secure the right to vote in Pennsylvania must be assessed two months before the election, and have paid a State or county tax within two years. In case the tax is paid this year, it must be a month preceding the election. Foreign born citizens wishing to vote next November must take out their naturalization papers a month preceding the election. They must also be assessed two months previous to the day of voting. The election will be held on "the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November," being this year the 7th day of November Monday, September 4, is the last day for being assessed. Tuesday, October 5, is the last day for securing naturalization papers. Tuesday, October 5, is the last day on which taxes can be paid in legal time to vote. The above dates should be carefully remembered and acted on by all voters.

——The new Methodist Episcopal church of this place will be dedicated on next Sabbath, the 13th inst. The dedicatory services will be conducted by Rev. Bishop Simpson, aided by Rev. E. B. Snyder, of Pittsburgh, a former pastor of this place, Rev. Smyser, the pastor in charge, and other ministers of prominence. This church enterprise was undertaken a little over a year ago, immediately upon the commencement of the pastorate of Rev. G. W. Miller in this charge. His indefatigable and zealous efforts in behalf of this undertaking, seconded by the cordial and hearty support of the building committee, composed of Messrs. George W. Tate, D. Z. Kline, John G. Love, William V. Hughes, M. W. Cowdrick and William McClellan, have in the midst of the hard times pushed to successful completion, with marvelous economy, a church edifice which for architectural beauty, neatness of finish and substantialness is second to none in the Central Pennsylvania Conference. We are authorized, on behalf of the pastor and the congregation, to extend a cordial invitation to all persons who possibly can to be present at the services and hear the Bishop. The services will commence at half-past ten o'clock A. M. Children's meeting at 15 minutes before three o'clock in the afternoon, and regular services in the evening at half-past seven o'clock.

——The Millheim *Journal* calls upon the people of that place to be more particular about sending their children to school; they loaf about the town too much with nothing to busy their hands or minds about. The most effectual way to ruin a boy morally, is to give him a street education. We quote from that paper:

"It is a fact that can not be denied that the standard of education in Millheim is a low one indeed. All our neighboring towns are ahead of us in this respect. The fact is we care too little how our children grow up. The great number of our young folks are comparatively ignorant and uncultivated, many of them are ill-bred and boorish. It should not be thus. It is our highest duty to God, to ourselves and our children, to use the most diligent endeavors to make useful citizens of our children, to give them the best education our means and opportunities allow, and to teach them a useful handicraft as a means of future support. Who ever fails to do this according to his ability, sadly fails in his primary duties as a parent and citizen, to say nothing of our weightier responsibilities as Christians. We may revert to this subject again."

We do not want to say unjust things about the people of that town, but according to what we can learn of the place and what everybody says about it, whether they live there or not, all that is hinted at in the above article of the *Journal* is absolutely and entirely true. The people of that place have made the education of the young of secondary importance. Is it strange then that many of them are "ill-bred and boorish?" What could be expected where children are allowed to grow up in ignorance of the very rudiments of an English education? We should not have spoken of this if we had not received this confirmation of common rumor from so reliable a source as their own home paper. And now we will go farther and tell what Dame Rumor has said about that matter; and that is this, that the Democracy of that strong Democratic strong-hold fought the free-school system longer than the people of any other part of the county; that the little handful of Republicans of that town and vicinity have been the most faithful friends of education and progress among all its people, but they have been so few that progress has been slow. We are glad to see this old Democratic journal urging on such a noble reform, and we hope it may succeed in awakening the people to a sense of their duty; and, if it does succeed in this work, it will have been the instrument in the hands of God of lifting from that people the cloud of moral and political darkness, which has enshrouded them within its baleful influence for the past century. It will awaken thought, and men will no longer be bound by the chains of party slavery. It will no longer be said that there are only about thirty Republicans in that large township; but men will walk forth into the light and be free indeed. Therefore we say to the *Journal*, work on, the field is ripe and ready for the harvest.

DANGERS OF DIRTINESS.—It is now ascertained that Edward Joseph, who died in Montreal from the bite of an insect, was bitten by a fly which had been feeding on decomposed animal matter. The bite of this filthy fly caused fatal blood poisoning; the young man's face, and afterwards his whole body became inflamed and swollen, and he became delirious and died on the fourth day. Some years ago several deaths occurred at short intervals in Montreal from the bites of flies which had fed upon decomposed flesh, but of late, on account of greater cleanliness, such cases have been rare. Not only will decomposed animal matter cause flies to become poisonous insects, but any other kind of decomposing filth on which they feed often has an effect somewhat similar, if not so dangerous. There is no safety for human life where decomposing animal matter is permitted to lie around. Sickness, and frequently death, is the penalty of filthiness. In view of these facts persons wishing to buy groceries should buy them at a store where everything is kept nice and clean, and not where barrels of sugar are left uncovered; where sugar and other things are carelessly scattered on the counter and on the floor to attract a room full of flies. If you want to see a store that is kept in the very best order—the neatest and cleanest grocery store you ever saw—just call at Sechler's, in the Bush House block, opposite our office. If the bite of a filthy fly will cause death, how disgusting it must be to visit some stores where everything is left about to attract them. You don't see anything of that sort at the famous grocery of Sechler & Co.

——Edwin C. Burt, the celebrated shoemaker, employs over five hundred operatives. For wear and comfort, for durability and fit, accomodation to feet of every form and measurement, his shoes are unequalled. When the shape of every foot is found here, there is no more affliction for those who wear the made shoe. To be found at E. Graham & Son's.

——They are selling straw hats fifty per cent. cheaper at Guggenheimer's than anywhere else. He has got a large stock and is determined to close them out rather than keep them over.

PERSONAL.—Prof. Wolf, D. D., is spending his summer vacation at Centre Hall.

—In speaking of Jacob C. Walker last week, our type-setters called him John. We did not notice the mistake until the papers were all printed.

—We received a call last Saturday from Charles Miller, of Spring Mills. We were not in at the time, but he left the stamps anyhow. We were in great need of a couple of dollars, so Mr. Miller's favor came just in time to save us from being dead broke. Call again, when we are in.

—William B. Eckley, of Bellefonte, called last Saturday. He dropped four dollars into our hat, and a half bushel of nice apples into our basket. He has on his farm over one thousand apple trees, besides other fruit, and sold over sixty bushels of apples in this town the present season. He knows how to make farming pay, and is one of the best farmers in this vicinity.

—Jesse Dunlap, of Spring Mills, is a new subscriber, although an old reader of our paper. He is a carpenter by trade, and gives especial attention to barn building. He is a good workmen, and therefore is seldom out of a job, and last but not least he is a good Republican, and therefore cannot be without his county paper; he paid for it in advance as a good Republican should. We hope he will be successful in all he undertakes.

—George Smeltzer, of Walker, is one of our oldest and best-paying subscribers. He called upon us last week, and left a year's subscription in our possession, for which he has our thanks. These hard times every good Republican should take his county paper, and be prompt in the payment of it. We are in need of every dollar we can get to pay our bills, and it would please us if more of our patrons would follow the excellent example set by our friend Mr. Smeltzer.

—James Crust, Jr., of Lemont, is an old subscriber and a good one. We always feel very kindly towards our good subscribers, and we do not call any good except they pay prompt, and Mr. Crust is one of our very best. We do not see how a man can be a good Republican and not pay his debts, and yet we have some names of men on our list that call themselves Republicans who, to say the least, are very slow pay. If, at some future time, we should go for them in a lawful way, they must not be surprised. We cannot run a newspaper without money.

—Once in a while we get a chance to see some of our friends from Woodward. Last week David Krape, Esq., of that place, called upon us. We enjoyed his visit very much, and shall be glad to have him come often. He is one of our old patrons, and also one of the most intelligent, go-ahead farmers of that part of the county. He is a good Republican, and will do what he can this fall for our excellent ticket. He would be just the man to send to the Legislature. We do not see why his friends do not bring him out.

—Mr. A. S. Tipton, of Howard, called last week and paid subscription for Franklin Packer, who has the past season been working for Mr. Tipton on his farm. He commenced taking our paper in August, 1873, and has paid us promptly, for which he has our thanks. He is an industrious fellow, and deserves to succeed in this life. In another place will be found Mr. Tipton's advertisement offering some fine breeds of pigs for sale. He has for a long time given much of his attention to the raising of hogs, and understands that business better than any other man in Centre county. If you do not believe it, go and see for yourself.

—Benjamin Comly, of Pleasant Gap, is on hand with his stamps. Mr. Comly is one of your odd sticks, but a good fellow after all. He is of Quaker stock, and has in his composition a good deal of the honest bluntness of that sect. He is a wheelwright by trade and is accounted a good workman. No doubt many of our Bellefonte friends would find it to their advantage to call upon him when they want anything in his line. They might save money by so doing. Mr. Comly is as sound as a nut on the political issues of the day, and will give Hayes and Wheeler a hearty, cordial support. He says they could not have nominated a man that would have suited him better, unless the choice had fallen on himself. Well, his turn will come next, and we will give him our vote if he is nominated.

——There is the greatest display of tobacco of all kinds at the Centennial Exhibition that was ever before presented to the gaze of a lover of the weed, of all kinds and in all imaginable shapes. Cochran & Gillespie, dealers in leaf and manufactured tobacco, cigars, &c., No. 253 Market street, Philadelphia, whose card can be found in another column, have a splendid display of Connecticut and Pennsylvania seed tobacco which is not excelled by any other exhibit which we saw. We would advise our merchants who deal in this article to take a look at their display, and then perhaps they will conclude to visit their store. If they do, and will call for J. W. Gillespie, we pledge them our word he will treat them right.

——Both of Pennsylvania's Senators voted guilty in the Belknap trial.

——Ladies summer dress goods sold at cost at Guggenheimer's, in Bush's Arcade, on High street.

——About two hundred people left here on Sunday to attend the camp-meeting of the Advents at Snow Shoe, and the excursion train was crowded.

——We understand that Mr. Lewis Henry Cook, son of the late Captain Cook, and brother to Andrew, Claude, Charles and George, who has not visited his home for eleven years, is now in town. It must be a pleasant meeting for these brothers who have been so long separated.

——It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, who created such a riffle in the religious world of Bellefonte a few months ago, and returned to this place a few weeks ago, will hold meetings every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Undine Hall on Bishop street. They will also have a Bible reading in the same place to-morrow and Friday evenings, commencing at eight o'clock.

——Cole's Real Racing Hippodrome, Menagerie, Circus, &c., is billed to exhibit in this city. This will be one of the finest shows that has ever come to this town, as we are told by our exchanges, which herald their fame in advance. Wherever they have been they are winning golden opinions. They will be in this town on Wednesday, August 23. Every one should try and see them. Read their advertisement in another column.

——Mr. McElvey, who was lately elected pastor of the Presbyterian society of this place, at a salary of two thousand dollars a year, we understand has decided not to accept, as the society over which he now has charge are not willing to part with him. We cannot blame him either. If he receives twenty-five hundred dollars where he is, and the society is satisfied with him, he would be very foolish, in a pecuniary point of view, to leave.

——Mr. J. Newman wishes us to inform the people of Centre county that he will positively open his store in Sands' building, on Allegheny street, next Thursday, August 10th. He will have a complete stock of new goods, which he will sell awful cheap. This is a new store, and therefore everything will be new; no second-hand goods. Just call and see them. It won't cost anything to look, if you don't buy. His stock will consist of clothing and gentlemen's furnishing goods.

——Last Monday afternoon at three o'clock there was a special meeting of the Grank Lodge of Odd Fellows at the lodge room in this city. The object of the meeting was for the purpose of admitting Past Grands to membership in the Grand Lodge Degree. In the evening there was a special meeting of Centre Lodge, No. 153, at which there was a good attendance. Instruction was given in the work of the Order, and altogether it was a profitable and interesting meeting. Some good speeches were made by the grand officers, which would have done all members of the Order good to hear.

——Last Tuesday, Hon. William Love, of Patton township, one of the Associate Judges of this county, died at his residence at "the Loop." Judge Love has been in feeble health for some time, but notwithstanding this fact his death will seem sudden to his friends throughout the county. He was elected to the bench in the fall of 1871, and his term of office would have expired with the November court. He was about sixty years or age. All his life he has been a Democrat, but as far as we know he has not been a very bitter partisan, and his political views were probably the result of early education. As a citizen he had the respect and good will of everybody. He will be missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. On last Wednesday morning at eight o'clock a meeting of the Bellefonte bar was called at the Court House to show their respect for the memory of the deceased. His Honor Judge Orvis was called to the chair, and William E. Reber appointed secretary. Hon. C. T. Alexander briefly stated the object of the meeting, and moved the appointment of a committee to draft resolutions of respect expressive of the feelings of the bar under this afflicting dispensation of providence, to be presented to the August term of court and inscribed upon the records. The chair appointed Messrs. Adam Hoy, C. T. Alexander and John G. Love as that committee. A resolution was then passed to attend the funeral in a body, which took place last Thursday.

MARRIED.

June 25, at the Lutheran parsonage in Hublersburg, by Rev. J. A. Bright, Mr. Howard A. Moore, of Howard, to Miss Laura J. Ryman, of Milesburg.

On the 29th ult., at the residence of Geo. Gingrich, in Walker twp., by Rev. J. A. Bright Mr. Thompson B. Bigler, of Pleasant Gap, to Miss Hannah B. Gingrich, of Linden Hall.

DIED.

June 19, near Hublersburg, of dropsy, John Swartz, aged 82 years, less one day.

July 26, at Farmer's Mills, youngest son of William H. Smith, aged 7 months.